Farmers,
Laborers,
Teamsters,

Can find no better shoe than the

Bread Winner.

It is strong, reliable, honest, and manufactured expressly to give ALL OUT-DOOR WORK-ERS the Best Service for the Least Money. Made for Men and Boys, from soft, pliable stock; two styles, seamless Balmoral and Congress; with and without tap sole.

AMOS P. TAPLEY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

For Sale by W. R. STONE, Augusta.

Non-Resident Taxes

THE CITY OF AUGUSTA, IN THE COUNTY OF KENNEBEC, FOR THE YEAR A. D. 1890. The owing list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners, in the city of Augusta for the year 1890, is committed to C. N. Hamlen, Collector of said on the 23d day of June, 1890, has been returned him to me as remaining unpaid on the 19th day e, 1891, by his certificate of that date, and now ain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes and interest and charges are not paid the Treasury of said city within eighteen ths from the date of the commitment of said , so much of the real estate taxed as will be cient to pay the amount due therefor, including rest and charges, will, without further notice, old at public auction at the Treasurer's Office, said city, on the twenty-fourth day of December, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M.

C. N. HAMLEN,
Treasurer of the City of Augusta.

st of unpaid taxes of non-resident proprietors al estate in the City of Augusta, in the year and returned to C. N. Hamlen, Treasurer of city, as unpaid:

	Value.	City Tax.	W. Tax.	W. Tax.
n, John R., or unknown, use lot No. 45, Bridge Pl.	$100	$2 18	$.16	
ey, Charles, about 2 acres nd, Mud Mills Meadow..	20	44		
on, hdg. on land, ...	55	1 69		
ge, Geo. E., or unknown, 22 acres land near Sid- ley line.....	250	5 44		
K. B., or unknown, land No. 159 Bridge Pl.	125	2 73	20	
mpbell, Rufus, 10 acres nd, Mud Mills Meadow..	65	1 41		
dle, Geo. W., house and ot, Mud Mills, Mud Mills ery occupied by mother.	150	3 26		
per, Freeman, about 6 res land near Mud Mills	60	1 30		
n, John, house and lot uth side Franklin St.....	250	5 44	40	
rbert, J. S., Hyde of, 2 res land of D. White.....	45	98		
kendorf, John, house, arn and land south side elfast road, occupied by	1,350	29 37		2 03
rvester.....				
ley, Margaret, north half land near Sidney line, of	25	55		
erson, Orrin, or unknown, ouse and land west side ud Mill's road, 5th range, enlief, Granville, about 17 res land, 4th range, east r river.....	300	6 53		
	190	4 14		
enlief, Granville, house, and and 35 acres land, for- erly Randall Lot.....	410	8 93		
ook, Caleb F., house and t, Court St., occupied by	1,700	36 98	2 72	
eClaughlin.....				
lowell, Lorenzo, and onard Study, 25 acres land, lot 33, 6th range, ad- ining Torrie land.....	100	2 18		
on, Henry A., about 15 res land, 4th range, east	280	6 09		
r road, of A. C. Smith..	1,350	29 36		
rgellow, A. P., 58 rods nd next Hallowell line....	70	1 52	11	
ch, Robert, 17 acres land, h range, east of river, of	90	1 96		
rs. Ingraham.....				
er, Hyatt, house and lot, rthing's Avenue.....	1,240	26 10	1 98	
an, W. M., 3 acres land, nd Mills Meadow lot.....	25	55		
rt, Scarlo ist.....	65	1 41		
., S., house and lot, 94 uth of State House, west te State street.....	1,500	32 63		
ma, Asa A., one-half ouse lot, corner Cony and ngor streets.....	400	8 70		60
ce, Luther E., 40 acres and, 6th range of Erskine	240	5 22		
ce, Frank N., 6 acres ge, Church Hill road....	135	2 94		
inson, Stephen, 55 acres nd of Scates.....	170	3 70		
inson, Stephen, 20 acres nd of Keene and Moores.	80	1 74		
kpole, Andrew J., 22 res land, 3d range, Hawes Place".....	135	2 94		
kpole, Mary J., lot of nd near Coombs' Mills....	50	1 09		
th, W. A., house and lot ar of Capitol street.....	500	10 88		75
th, Orin, 10 acres land, 3d nge of Young.....	100	2 18		
ter, Mrs. Luther, house nd lot, Bangor street, west ide, near "Whitney Brook" th, Nathan, house and lot, nes Hill, east side Water	400	8 40		
	500	10 88		75
sk, Reuel, house and 4 res land, Ward road, he formerly occupied.....	100	2 18		
er, Charles, 2 acres land Paul Wing.....	20	44		
er, Charles, about 20 acres nd, north of road to Silver ake, adjoining Ballard nd Richardson's.....	55	1 20		
ner, Charles and Frank, nce, barn, and 90 acres of land, on Cross Hill road,	650	14 14		
tlark heirs.....				
ansend, Octavia M., 3 res land, north of Harlorn's.....	50	1 09		
lman, Jos. H., house, nd, and 40 acres land, tuel Mills road, of Lan- aster.....	350	7 61		
ton, Otis D., or unknown, 1 acres land on Coombs' ads.....	1,600	21 75		
ds, Samuel, house, barn, nd 37 acres land, near elgrade road.....	560	12 18		
	3441			

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri ber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of MARIAN J. MOONEY, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Aug. 10, 1891. 41* EUGENE W. WHITEHOUSE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1891.*

ELIZA G. KENT, widow of CHARLES J. KENT, late of Readfield, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of September next, if they have cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 40

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1891.*

JOHN B. FOGG, Executor of the last will and testament of AMOS C. HODGDON, late of Monmouth, said county, deceased, having presented his final account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM S. HADLEY, late of Chicago, Illinois, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Aug. 10, 1891. 40 ELLEN L. HADLEY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1891.*

On petition for the appointment of EMERY O. DEAN of Readfield, as Administrator on the estate of EBENEZER DEARBORN, late of Winthrop, in said county, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 40

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of EBEN G. DOLE, late of Hallowell, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

August 10, 1891. 41 HENRY L. DOLE.

WANTED—For the United States Army, able-bodied, unmarried men, between the ages of 21 and 35 years. Good pay, rations, clothing and medical attendance. Applicants must be prepared to furnish satisfactory evidence as to age, character and habits. Apply at 45 Exchange street, Portland, Me. 26eb

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY,

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET,
Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS:

2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and twenty-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS:

C. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891. No. 43.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin Valley—Canton, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 30th.
Buxton and Hollis—At Buxton, Sept. 22-24.
Cumberland County—At Gorham, Sept. 15-17.
Central Washington—At Machias, Sept. 16th and 17th.
Durham Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
East Eddington—Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Eastern Maine—At Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.
East Somerset—At Hartland, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
East Pittston Society—At East Pittston, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Franklin—at Farmington, Sep. 29th, Oct. 1st.
Gray Park Association—At Gray, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Kennebec—At Readfield, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Lincoln County—At Damariscotta, Sept. 22-24.
North Washington—At Princeton, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
North Oxford—At Andover, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
North Knox—At Appleton, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
North Franklin—At Phillips, Sept. 22-24.
North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Waterville, Aug. 25th and 26th.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Northern Cumberland—At Harrison, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Orrington—Sept. 22-24.
Oxford County—At South Paris and Norway, Sept. 15-17.
Sedgwick Valley—At Cornish, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Piscataquis Central—On the Society's grounds, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Ramshackle Park—At West Newfield, Sept. 8-10.
Sagadahoc—At Topsham, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth—At Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, on the Society's grounds, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Somerset Central—Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Oxford—At Fryeburg, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Washington—At Cherryfield, Sept. 23 and 24.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Piscataquis—At Monson, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Waldo County—At Belfast Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.
Waldo and Penobscot—At Monroe, Sept. 23d, 23d and 24th.
York County Horse Breeders' Association—Fall meeting at Saco, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

The member of the Board of Agriculture for Lincoln county, Hon. E. W. Stetson, writes: "The crops *all round* in this county are just wonderful."

Far better than a dog to bring cows to the barn every night is a box of good sweet meal and a lock of bright, fragrant hay in the manger. It will bring them every time. Try it.

"It will do your hearts good to see the magnificent crops of South Dakota," reads an advertisement. Yes, but of what avail are crops without *home* and its comforts for the family, and without a market for the products? People can't live on crops alone.

Not all the stories of big yields of potatoes are to be told this year by Aroostook growers. The crop is great all over the State. Seigers Brothers of Bowdoinham Ridge have harvested 80 bushels from one-eighth of an acre. Other fields heard from are yielding four hundred bushels to the acre and upwards.

In our inside columns we give a full report of the opening days of the Eastern Maine Fair at Bangor, up to the latest hour practicable. From it our readers will gain a good idea of the park exhibition in full, including all classes of the stock, together with the products of the farm and garden. The hall display and the conclusion of the trotting races will appear in our next issue.

The butter market is booming, supply is short, and all new make is quickly taken. The late rains have started the feed, a good second crop of clover is in waiting in the fields, and to the active dairyman who thinks for business there is an encouraging look ahead. There is no trouble about the wide-awake, pushing farmer. He is all ready to take advantage of the situation when the good prices come on. We want more of these butter factories run with some courage.

More good stock is coming into the State. F. S. Adams, member of the Board of Agriculture for Sagadahoc county, has purchased a fine Guernsey heifer from the Rhinebeck herd of Vice President Morton. The heifer is eighteen months old, bred from imported stock. She is left for the present at the farm where purchased, for the purpose of being bred to Lord Layton, an imported bull now being used in the herd. A sister to the dam of this heifer has a record of 20 pounds of butter in a week. When it is considered that the Rhinebeck herd is made up of the best animals that money can buy, Mr. Adams is to be congratulated on being able to secure a selection from such stock.

Agriculture of Maine, 1890-91.

The annual volume of Agriculture of Maine, issued by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, is now completed, and is being sent out to the several agricultural societies of the State, and to others interested in and connected with our agricultural affairs. The report covers the transactions of the agricultural societies for the year, the work of the board brought down to June 1st of the present year, together with the principal lectures, papers and discussions given at the Farmers' Institutes, and at the Dairy Conference held at Winthrop, and also the full report of the work carried on at the Experiment Station at Orono, and the transactions of the State Pomological Society. The whole makes up a volume of 545 pages of agricultural and horticultural matter of incalculable value to every one engaged in any department of this work in our State. The printing is by the State printers, Messrs. Burleigh & Flynt, and is a good sample of the high standard of work done at that office, while the State binders, Messrs. Smith & Reid, have done their part of the work in a like creditable manner. A frontispiece accompanies the volume, representing one of the noted families of horse stock, for which our State is so justly celebrated, and other plates illustrate the volume wherever they are called for to give value to the text.

The principal lecturers before the Farmers' Institutes during the year were B. F. Briggs, Maple Grove Farm, Auburn; Prof. Walter Balentine, State College; J. M. Deering, Saco; B. W. McKeen, Fryeburg; Hon. R. W. Ellis, Embden; Prof. I. O. Winslow, St. Albans; Prof. Elijah Cook, Manchester; Prof. G. M. Gowell, State College; Hon. S. A. Hickox, member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture; A. W. Cheever, of the *New England Farmer*, Boston, and ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin. Their lectures are all given in full. Detailed and valuable treatises are also given on "Experiments with Sheep and Lambs," by Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, and on "Experiments with Fodder Corn and Ensilage," by Prof. F. G. Short of the same station, two important matters to the farmers of the State.

The report of the work of our station, by Prof. Jordan and his assistants, is given in full, and will be found of great value. The entomologist, Prof. Harvey, illustrates his work with numerous cuts, which add much to the value of his work. The pomological department gives a detailed report of the work of the Pomological Society for the year, together with the many valuable lectures in full given before its winter meeting.

The volume as a whole presents to the farmers, and others who may be interested in agricultural affairs, a comprehensive review of the public agricultural work in the State for the year. Every farmer wishing to keep pace with the progress of agriculture around him should secure a copy of this volume. They are published for free distribution.

The Greatest Prosperity.

Greater than millions of money; greater than glory of conquest; greater than political power.

What have green grass, trees, flowers and fruits—what has gardening to do with all these phrases? Just this: The palmy days of Roman power and glory were founded on a prosperous agriculture, promoted and encouraged by the Cæsers as the basis of all prosperity. Frederick the Great was a mighty warrior, but he was a greater statesman, and his most enduring monument is the splendid agriculture—the finest in the world—which he did so much to promote, still evidenced by the great drainage canals of the Saxon plains, and the magnificent Sans Souci gardens. France surprised the world by her speedy recovery after the Franco-Prussian War—a result impossible, save for her innumerable little garden farms that for generations have made her, comparatively, the most productive country of Europe.

Love of home and land—of the homestead where one is born and reared—is nowhere stronger than in old England; nowhere are the charms of social life more varied and delightful; in no other land is there a stronger and better manhood and womanhood. All of this, we believe, is largely due to the love of rural life, as exhibited in her myriad suburban homes, *always* surrounded by the refining and healthful influence of beautiful gardens; in the thousands of lordly manors, *always* in the midst of parks and gardens, where the children of luxury are reared amid the wholesome atmosphere of true Mother Nature; in the countless well kept tenant farms, the homes of the English yeomen; in the almost daily exhibitions of garden products for the education and entertainment of the poorer classes. In short, the garden homes of England, her agriculture, which is largely horticulture in its principle of intensive culture, her beautiful country of "shady lanes and green fields," are the chief glory of her civilization.

In America we have a proverbial saying that the blood of the country is the life of the city. The majority of our leading men are farm-bred boys, and their characters have been developed under the benign influence of rugged hills and smiling valleys, quiet woods and sunlit meadows, mingled with the sturdy vigor and Spartan rigor of American farm life. But there has been so much of the Spartan quality in it that all too many of the brightest and best of the boys have been allured, by the brightness and color of city life, to forsake the safe rural pursuits for the fate of the moth in the candle. Gardening in its broad sense, making home beautiful and healthful, with room enough out doors for fresh air and sunshine, trees and flowers, fruits and vegetables, has been sadly neglected in village and farm. Happily, the tide has turned. Agriculture begins to recognize horticulture as her mistress. The twenty-five foot "lots" in self respecting communities are widening into respectable "grounds." The farm house and village unkept "yard" gradually becomes a "lawn," with grassy sod, blooming shrubs, vines, and flowery borders. The country seats of the millionaires are the example, object lesson and pride of the regions round about. Thus our rural homes are rapidly improving, and increasing their influence for good over the boys and girls, young men and young women. Thus, American horticulture may do much in the moulding of our national life, by promoting the sentiment for garden homes, and thereby instilling into our manhood somewhat of the goodness of nature.—*American Garden.*

The State Fair.

Next week returns the annual exhibition of the State Agricultural Society at Lewiston. Year after year the exhibition has been growing in importance to the State, and at the same time gaining in interest to the public, till now the exhibition itself and the attendance on the same, are as well assured as the return of the time on which it is to take place.

All the preliminary details have been efficiently looked after by the officers, and at no time during the existence of the Society has there been a better prospect for a successful exhibition than the present year. The entries as shown in our issue of last week are full in all departments, and in several of the more important stock classes exceed in numbers any previous year in the history of the Society. It was supposed that the oxen in the State were running short, but the entries show that there is to be one of the largest exhibits of this important class of stock that was ever on the ground. The ox fanciers from every part of the State are to be there with full teams. The entries show conclusively that the fears of some that the horse interests were absorbing more than their due share of attention, has no foundation in facts. All the stock classes will be full to overflowing. At the same time the horse stock will maintain its full standing, while the trotting entries will fill every race with a large field. We are to see next week another grand display all through of the stock interests of the State. In the other departments the entries have not yet closed, so the full measure of the exhibition in these directions cannot be taken, but there is every assurance that there will be no weak places in any department.

The evening meetings at the grounds, which have proved so popular in former years, are fully arranged, and will be of unusual interest. Everybody is invited to attend. Good speakers have been engaged for each meeting.

The Hall exhibition down town promises to be of unusual interest. Superintendent Jelleson is a host in his position, and has secured extensive exhibits and of an interesting and attractive character. The art exhibition will be an attractive feature.

Representatives of the *Farmer* will be on hand, as usual, at its office near the main entrance, where its subscribers and friends are invited to call.

Early Apples.

More promptly than usual the lesson is again being forced that we are growing more early apples than consumption demands or the markets can take care of. The result is that prices are knocked quickly down to a figure that leaves no possible chance for profit to the grower or dealer. With orchards everywhere among us, and every suburban door yard having its few trees of early fruit, there is not much possible room for any considerable market demand for such fruit. While of late there have been comparatively few of the early sorts planted out, yet we still have too many of such kinds for profit. In late years there has been no time but good winter fruit would sell, direct from the trees, for more money than the choice early varieties. This being the case, growers will do well not only to stop planting the early kinds, but will also find it to their profit to graft over the most of those they now have to the late keeping kinds.

Many amateurs have made the mistake of planting a considerable number of trees of the summer and fall varieties "for home use." Of course these are desirable, and should always be provided, but the mistake is that too many of the kind are provided for the purpose, and when the trees come well into bearing, there is a large lot of perishable fruit on hand, with neither use for at home nor market for in town. It takes but very few trees to supply a family, however large, with early fruits their season through. A half dozen trees of varieties ripening in succession is ample provision for this purpose. All above these had far better be put into winter varieties. The lesson of over-supply and low prices has now been often enough repeated to confirm the wisdom of giving attention to winter fruit instead.

Aeration of Milk—Its Effect and Value.

Aeration of milk on the farm by a special machine adapted to the work is a new idea in American dairying. Less than ten years ago cheese-makers struggled with the problem until one machine after another grappled with it, and each in turn retired from practical work. In most European countries ice is too expensive at sixteen dollars to twenty dollars a ton, to be of much use in agriculture, and so, instead of using ice, nearly every farmer uses a combined aerator and water chiller. This mode of doing the work is not satisfactory, and hence it is that cheese-makers who strive to keep in the front rank find themselves unable to produce fine goods, except from milk which has been aerated before cooling. It is extremely difficult to convince the ordinary dairyman that this is so, without an appeal to direct experiment. Every farmer and dairyman knows the difference in the odor of milk twelve hours after milking, in June and in December. One is passably sweet and the other smells strong. In summer more care is given to milk; it is stirred and chilled. In winter it is milked in the barn, is rarely stirred, but transferred to a tank to cool.

This treatment involves the application of a great principle of chemical physics. Sanitary engineers and physicians will show us that in winter, drainage and sewage waters, being at a low temperature, are more efficient in sewer traps and house drains as absorbents and solvents of sewer gases. In summer, excessive heat renders proximity to ponds and sewers dangerous, and extra warm weather compels the water to yield up its deadly odors; hence the prevalence of epidemics, such as typhoid fever and kindred ills.

Similarly, milk is never in so good a condition for treatment as when it is warm and fresh from the cow. An aerator applied then, to blow through air by a powerful machine, will remove the animal taints and leave the milk inodorous, and agreeable to the taste. Milk dealers have discovered this, and finding their customers appreciative of the change of flavor, and generally improved condition of the milk, it was not wonderful that their trade should increase, and the consumption of milk also. Milk so treated is vastly more digestible by delicate stomachs and by children, and will keep nearly two days longer than milk not so treated. Every manufacturer who has bought large quantities of milk knows quite well the misery of having to care for that which was not properly treated at the farm. The aeration of milk is of immense value to the physician in the sultry July and August days, when elderly people and children under five years die so painfully from summer complaints.

The careful cheese-maker who has studied to produce fine goods, tells us over and over again that he cannot by any process of factory manipulation entirely remedy defective milk at the factory. All experienced milk dealers know that this must be done at the farm. In this particular lies the main difference between an American factory made cheese, and a first-class Cheddar, made in England or Scotland. In the first case, the cheese is wrongly started at the farm. In the last case, the maker is the farmer himself, who has complete control of the cows and all subsequent stages of manufacture.

In butter making, the absorption of air by the cream is a feature which every butter-maker appreciates. The saturation of cream with pure air greatly facilitates churning, and gives a finer granulation. The difference between cream raised in submerged cans and that obtained from separators is well known to a butter-maker who has had experience with both systems. Submerged cream must be ripened or aired before it is churned. Absorption of air is necessary to yield the best results.

In the cream trade the same principle of action is illustrated all through. Caterers often complain that separator or machine cream will not whip, or make good ice-cream. This is a half truth, and therefore a deception and a snare. In the progress of separation nearly all the albumen of milk is taken out of the cream, and cream used too fresh is frequently found to be unsuitable for confectionery. Absorption of air and after treatment, as chilling, overcome the difficulty. Indeed, aeration and chilling will thicken separated cream, and make it a good article to use when twenty-four hours to four days old if properly cared for. This fact has proved to be very economical to every confectioner who has tried the plan.

The tests applied by business men and the officers of experiment stations to Mr. E. L. Hill's aerator satisfy me that it is the most practical and efficient machine yet devised for the purpose. The time cannot be far distant when every farmer will find it necessary to use such a machine. The milk supply of large cities is greatly in need of reform. It is hardly possible to reduce the time between milking and consumption, but we may so treat the milk at the farm that it will keep sound and be healthful for food from one to two days longer than now, and farmers may find it best to care for milk as well as they know how.—*Prof. James Cheesman, in Rural New Yorker.*

Stomach of Horse and Ox.

Prof. W. H. Dalrymple, veterinarian of the State Experiment Station of the Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College, makes public the following:

To illustrate the difference in size between the stomach of the horse and that of the ruminant, and for the proper understanding as to the requirements of each animal, it may be stated that the ox is endowed with four stomachs, or, more properly speaking, compartments, designated the rumen or paunch, reticulum or honey comb, omasum or manyplies, and the abomasum or true digestive stomach. Their capacity averages from fifty to fifty-five gallons.

The rumen occupies about three-fourths of the abdominal cavity.

The ruminants are remarkable for their faculty of swallowing their food imperfectly masticated, and causes it to return over and over again by a reverse or anti-peristaltic action of the œsophagus (according to the coarseness of the food) for remastication, termed chewing the cud, previous to its being finally swallowed and passed on to be acted upon by the gastric juice. There is a peculiar conformation in the lower end of the œsophagus as it regulates the passage of food into the different compartments when sufficiently masticated. The œsophagus does not terminate in the paunch, as in the horse, but is continued onward as a deep groove with two lips, and by the closure of these lips it is made to form a tube termed the "œsophageal groove," which serves to convey the food onward into the third compartment; that is, when it has been completely masticated, comminuted triturated and impregnated with saliva, it passes on to the third and fourth stomachs; but when the food is coarse and imperfectly masticated these lips separate and allow it to pass or drop into the first compartment or paunch.

It might be mentioned here, in connection with the description of the œsophageal groove, that very young calves, when taking milk from the cow, not requiring remastication, it does not enter the rumen but passes on to the third or fourth stomach, but when they have been allowed to run with cows in sheds littered with hay, straw, and such like, they will lick this in, and being unmasticated it enters the rumen or first stomach, which is unnatural, and frequently sets up diarrhœa, fits, and often causes death.

The second compartment is the reticulum or honey comb. It takes its name from the honey comb like cells formed by the mucous membrane.

The third compartment is the omasum or manyplies, the interior of which is occupied with unequally developed leaves of mucous membrane. On all the leaves there are a number of little elevations termed papillæ, resembling the appearance of a blacksmith's rasp. Between each of those leaves lie closely pressed cake-like masses of food. Some say there is a digestive juice secreted there; others assert it is an absorbent organ and consider it a pulverising and macerating apparatus.

The fourth compartment, abomasum or reed, is considered the true digestive stomach, and secretes the gastric juice.

In man and all animals, when the food enters the stomach and is submitted to the solvent action of the secretions, the stomach is in constant motion, affected by its muscular walls, which keeps the contents in a state of agitation, and brings every portion of it into contact with the walls of the stomach, so as to be subject to the action of the fluid, which is poured forth from the walls during the digestive process, and the movement of the stomach continues until the orgas is completely emptied, when it ceases until food is again introduced.

Seeing the comparative difference in the size of the stomachs in the horse and ox, the latter animal, with its enormous receptacle intended to accommodate large quantities of mixed herbage, is only capable of performing slow work and limited exertions; while, on the other hand, the horse is required for speed, long journeys and the removal of heavy loads, which he could not accomplish with the capacious stomach of the ox.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Old New England Town.

Situated on the banks of the Saco river, on the very western edge of Maine, just at the entrance to the White mountains, is the old historic town of Fryeburg. Its location is one of the pleasantest spots in New England; the Saco runs through it for several miles, bordered on either side for the greater part of the way, by broad, green, fertile intervales, in which are many excellent farms.

As a whole, the town is rather level and flat, containing few high hills, and the roads are consequently very good. There are many places of historic interest in Fryeburg. Formerly it was inhabited by the Pequawket Indians, who years ago owned the Saco valley. The town was originally the estate of Gen. Frye, who first cleared it into farms. The site of his house, now long since gone, is on a little hill overlooking the river and intervales.

Fryeburg is especially noted for its beautiful scenery and pure, healthful air. The outer range of the White mountains extends in a long line, running northeast and southwest at a little distance. These mountains are the most striking features in the landscape, and are seen from almost all parts of the town. In the center of this range rises Mt. Kearsarge, a graceful and symmetrical peak, its bare rocky summit crowned by a little house. To the southwest of Kearsarge are Green mountain, the nearest, Rattlesnake, Moat, Chocoma, and in the distance Passaconaway and Tripyramid are visible in most places. To the northeast the mountains are smaller, Gemini, or Double Head, as it is sometimes called, Meader and Baldface, and some distant hills. Mt. Washington is seen from many portions of the town, its summit usually covered with snow. From North Fryeburg on a clear day, a very fine view of it may be obtained through an opening in the hills. To the east is the long low ridge of Pleasant mountain standing alone and solitary. Stark's Hill, a regular domed shaped mound of some 600 feet is a little south of the village. The village of Fryeburg stands on a dry, elevated plain, on the right bank of the Saco. It is quite a large village, the houses being scattered over a considerable extent. As you look down on it from one of the little eminences on the outskirts, its presents a very pleasing appearance. The main street is long and broad, shaded on either side by rows of large, graceful elms. A horse railroad runs from the station through nearly the entire village, to the Chautauqua grounds. The ride on this is very pleasant; leaving the depot, which is a little way down from the village, it runs up a sunny little street, with a row of neat, pretty houses on each side, and turns down Main street. Here one sees the whole range of mountains to the west, with the river and green fields in the middle distance.

The houses of Fryeburg are mostly of one pattern, square and rather plain, the majority painted white with green blinds; there are also several large and handsome ones that have been built quite recently. The village contains two hotels, the largest, the Oxford House, an old and rather handsome one, was burned a few years ago, this ruin and another one on the corner of Main street, which was a stately and historic mansion, mar in a great measure the beauty of the place. There are three churches and two schools, besides the Academy, a venerable and excellent institution, which is attended by students from a wide region. There is no great amount of business done in Fryeburg, as it has no manufactories or anything of that kind. It is very quiet and eminently aristocratic. The town has always been noted for the culture and refinement of its inhabitants; literary societies and clubs flourish here, and as it is free from places of temptation, it is a very desirable place for students and summer visitors.

Fryeburg contains many delightful drives and excursions. A very pleasant and popular drive is "around the square," a ten mile ride passing many places of interest. We leave the village, going down over the hill, from which there is a magnificent view of the mountains and intervales, across the river, which winds slowly and lazily through sunny fields, and along the smooth, level road of the intervale, with the long chain of mountains directly in front of us. About two miles of this drive is through the edge of Conway, a part of the way down a level, handsome street. We cross two small streams, drive through a strip of cool, fragrant woods, and out into the pleasant road which runs through West Fryeburg. It is a lovely drive along here, with great, noble maples shading the road a part of the way, and pretty houses and farms on each side. Further on we go through more woods, along the side of a hill, with a narrow, sluggish creek, once a part of the Saco, on our right, and turn down onto the broad intervale, where the prospect is more extended and varied. After climbing two or three hills and descending into as many hollows, we come to the Center, a cosy little settlement overlooking the river. The ride up from here is very interesting and picturesque. From the hills one obtains a grand view of Chocoma, rugged and bare, the long chain of mountains stretching away to the north, and the fair green intervales below, with the Saco shining and blue in the midst, its banks lined with elms and maples. A little farther up, we come to level ground again, and the road for the rest of the way is mostly through plains, dry and sandy, and covered with pines and scrub oaks. We pass the Chautauqua grounds on our right, lying a little way down from the road, the cottages gleaming through the trees of the grove. Just above these are the Fair grounds, where the West Oxford Agricultural Exhibition is held every fall. We are approaching the village now, and we look upon the long vista of Main street. On our left rises from the plain the remarkable rock called Jockey Cap. This giant rock which is said to be the largest detached boulder in the world, rests on the plain at a short distance from the village. It is a prominent object in the landscape for several miles; a single huge rock emerging suddenly from the level ground, its summit and one side partly covered with pines and bushes. It is of hard conglomerate; fragments of it have crumbled off, from time to time, and lie around its base. A little ridge covered with verdure extends back from it a little way. For untold ages it has rested on its solid bed; whence it came, or how, or when, no man can tell. Jockey Cap is a favorite resort and in warm weather it is seldom without visitors, as the view from its top is wide and beautiful. About a mile from Jockey Cap is Lovewell's Pond, a beautiful sheet of water usually smooth and placid, a broad silvery-blue expanse; but in a storm or high wind it is very rough, and dangerous sailing, as it has a considerable depth. It is an excellent place for both sail and row boats, and many of these may be seen on its shores, or gliding over its sparkling bosom, almost any time in the summer. Good fishing is also found here. The famous battle of Capt. Lovewell with the Indians was fought on its shores. Battle Brook is a little distance from this pond, where a fierce duel was fought between Chamberlain, a white man, and the Indian chief Paugus, ending in the death of the latter. "Going down river," is a very popular and pleasant excursion. A party stands just below the rapids, in row boats, and makes an all day trip, winding around the horseshoe bend, passing through delightful scenery, and finally coming into Lovewell's Pond, within a mile or two of the starting place. North Fryeburg, a pretty and thriving settlement, more familiarly known as "Mud City," is some six or seven miles from the railway. There is quite a little village here. The land is very level and fertile, and the farms are excellent and in good condition. The drive through this district, and next one, called the Harbor, is one of the most beautiful in town. On the left are the hills of Chatham, with Baldface and Meader rising above them, while from many points you see the lofty head of Mt. Washington, towering above the surrounding peaks. On the other hand are long stretches of green intervale, distant woods, interspersed with clusters of houses, and Pleasant mountain away to the east. The road on either side is bordered by handsome and prosperous farms, acres of corn, potatoes, grain, and large hay fields, with neat, comfortable farmhouses scattered along.

Judging from the appearance of this section, there is still some profit in farming. The raising and canning of sweet corn is one of the principal industries of the town; a large canning factory is being built at North Fryeburg, and there is also one in the edge of Conway. Great quantities of corn are every year raised and canned, and sent to all parts of the United States.

EMELLE.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Trip to Damariscotta.

In this age of hurry and bustle, when every minute counts for something towards a man's opportunity for prosecuting his business enterprises, steam and electric train service is just the thing for most every day in the year; but when a person has a little leisure or takes a short respite from his business cares, if he has any taste for rural scenes or for Nature in its nearest approach to, or rather in its least remoteness from "all its pristine glory," nothing affords a better opportunity for real enjoyment and pleasure than to take a carriage drive across the country. Of course it makes some difference where you go, but go where you will in the country over our country roads, which, by the way, are kept in good condition as a rule, since the advent of road machines, and you will see much to admire, much to instruct, and much to amuse you.

The monotony of riding, as you do on the cars, over a straight, smooth, and level roadbed, is broken as soon as you step into a carriage, and if you ride any distance it gets broken many times; and that, to a person unused to it, is pleasant for the sake of the change. You will start out on a piece of road, perhaps, which for a quarter of a mile, more or less, (and it is oftener less than more) may be level and straight, and which you might be able to cover in pretty fast time, provided you had some of the flyers of the day attached to your carriage, then you come to some sharp curves or to where it is a little ascending or descending, and in either case you must slow up a little, then suddenly you

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 3, 1891.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. B. ATEE is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

President Harrison returned to Cape May, Saturday afternoon, well satisfied with his trip in Vermont.

The public debt statement shows a decrease of the bonded debt during August of $1,091,217.

The Governor has issued his proclamation calling upon the people to observe Monday next as a legal holiday.

The dairy building at the Maine State College, with its complete outfit of apparatus, was open to visitors for the first time Wednesday (yesterday.)

A Brooklyn woman's will, consisting of ten words, is contested by her mother on the ground, probably, that no woman ever used so few words.

We have before referred to the field of oats raised by Mr. Chas. H. Lovejoy of Sidney. From eighty pounds sowing of the white Scotch oats he raised sixteen hundred pounds.

The stockholders of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company held a meeting at Bangor, Monday. Reports of the surveying parties showed everything progressing finely, and a splendid route is assured.

A Winthrop breeder of Jersey cattle says that a few months since, he received the handsome sum of $75 for one of his cows, from Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who said at the time that he wished to leave his family a good cow when he died.

A meeting of the executive and financial committee of the Democratic State committee was held in Portland, Wednesday, all the members being present. Ways and means were discussed for conducting the next campaign and the plan for the same was adopted.

The saddest feature of the hot wave that passed over the big cities, last week, was the slaughter of the innocents, the dying off of the babies. It was something pitiful, bringing mourning into hundreds of households. And still people will continue to crowd into the large cities.

Another of the sturdy farmers of the State has gone to his reward. Mr. Amos A. Hewitt of Windsor died on the 23d ult., at the age of 64 years and 4 months. He had been a subscriber to the *Farmer* for forty years and was a substansial farmer, and an honest, upright man.

At a meeting of the Senators and Representatives to the legislature from the county of Aroostook, held in Houlton, last week, the following named persons were elected directors of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company: Willis I. Shaw of New Limerick, Judah D. Teague of Caribou, and John A. Nadeau of Fort Kent.

The Sangerville Woolen Company is making rapid progress in rebuilding its woolen mill, lately destroyed by fire. The machinery has been ordered and will be delivered November 1st, and will be immediately set up. The machinery is all of the latest pattern, and will be first class in every respect.

A. J. Darling, the old Penobscot county hunter, says that deer, moose and caribou are very plenty all through the great North woods, and predicts a most successful hunting season. He claims that there are twice as many large game animals in Maine now as there were ten years ago, and says the gain is due to a faithful enforcement of the game laws.

The speech of Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., at the Old Orchard temperance meeting, was full of sense and indisputable facts which leave the free rum element not a leg to stand upon, when he reminded his hearers that, "The people of Maine have tried licensing and they have tried prohibiting dram-shops, and experience has shown them that the evils which arise from them are much more effectively minimized by prohibition than by license."

The Canadian census is completed, and the showing is a disappointment. The total population has reached 4,823,344, as compared with 4,324,810 in 1881, an increase of only 498,534 or 11.52 per cent. The Maritime Provinces are stationary. Quebec only holds its own, while Ontario shows a slight gain. The population in the western part of the Dominion has an enormous increase, and will accordingly receive an increased representation in Parliament. Manitoba has grown to 154,442, a gain in ten years of 99,182.

An exhibition trial of the engines of the 6,648 ton armoured cruiser "Maine" was given Monday at Quintard's Iron Works on the East River, New York, in the presence of Secretary Tracy and several chief engineers of the navy. The engines of the "Maine" are the largest of their kind ever built in this country. The trial was eminently successful. The machinery was kept running two hours and a half, the motive power being furnished from two turning engines. The action was smooth and easy, and the United States engineers expressed themselves pleased with the result.

"The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes, on Saturday last celebrated his eighty-second birthday at his cosy home in Beverly, Mass. He is as hale and hearty as a man of 40. One of his most famous sayings is: "It is better to be 70 years young than to be 40 years old." But he is four score and two, and this fact was not forgotten by his friends and admirers. He sat in his cosy library and received all day. All of the celebrities of the fashionable watering place called, and there was a hearty hand clasp and a pleasant smile in response to the congratulations tendered him.

Our readers should not forget that the State Pemological Society, holds its 19th annual exhibition in connection with the State Fair at Lewiston next week. Particular attention is invited to the liberal premiums offered The annual meeting of the Society for the election of officers, will be held in the exhibition building, Thursday evening, September 10, at 6.30 o'clock. At 7 o'clock the same evening and at the same place there will be held a convention of Maine fruit growers. This meeting will be addressed by Mr. E. W. Wood, of West Newton, Mass., chairman of the fruit committee of the Mass. Horticultural Society. Other speakers are expected and all are cordially invited to attend.

The great rubber syndicate of Para, New York and London, has collapsed, and John C. Gonclave, Vienna, alias the Baron de Gondorix, the bugbear of the trade, has once more been defeated in an attempt to corner the world's supply of crude rubber. This time the loss will fall chiefly on the bankers of Rio and London who were inveigled into the Baron's latest schemes. Although the syndicate during the last nine months obtained possession of 90 per cent. of the available supply of the world, the capital—said to be $35,000,000—under its control was not sufficient to hold this and and also buy up the new crop now coming into Para from the forests of Brazil. The result is that the syndicate could not cover its margins with the London houses which the Baron made his deal with two months ago. Rubber manufacturers here curtailed their requirements in every possible way, and some of them temporarily closed their establishments. Thus they pricked the second great rubber bubble of the decade.

REGARD FOR THE SOLDIER IN THE RANKS. While matters as a general thing moved quite smoothly at the recent encampment of the veterans, several of the old soldiers have been to us with complaints which we judge are well grounded in fact. A fine banquet, worth one dollar a plate, was served to the officers and invited guests, while the common soldiers, who never were fortunate enough to hold a commission, had to content themselves with a twenty cent dinner of baked beans. We assert without fear of contradiction that this is not right. These ex-soldiers are men, with all the fine feelings and instincts of manhood, and they resent such a slight. In these days of peace, the distinctions rendered necessary by the war should be wiped out, and in these social intercourses officers and men should meet upon a common level. In no other way can the association which has been formed, start into successful life, and perform the missions for which it was designed. At the banquet board, in the business meeting, in the temporary camp, there should be no superficial distinctions, but they should all meet as brothers in a common cause, the common soldier being regarded as necessary to the triumph of that cause as the officers called to command. Imitate the spirit of the great commander, Gen. Grant, who even in time of war had the highest regard for the soldier in the ranks.

The noticeable feature of the succession of Grant to the command of the Army of the Potomac was the entire throwing aside of the ostentatious display which had characterized the regime of his predecessors. McClellan, Hooker, Pope and Burnside had always been attended by a gaily-caparisoned staff, so large that their riding down the line appeared to the enemy like a movement of cavalry. Grant, on the contrary, rode about, attended by a single orderly and attired in a fatigue coat, built more for service than display.

Here is the story of Grant's arrival at Brandy station, preparatory to taking command, which is told by a member of his staff:

"Those about the station noticed two men get off the caboose at the end of a freight train. One was a tall man with a moustache and chin whiskers, and the other was a little short, stumpy man, with a closely cropped brown beard. Both were smoking cigars and both were attired in fatigue coats that had evidently seen plenty of service. A soldier remarked 'That's Grant,' and the laughter of his companions. 'Yes, it is,' he insisted, 'I know the little rooster. I was with him in the West, and inside of twenty-four hours we will be in a general engagement.' Just at this point Quartermaster-General Rufus Ingalls came up and greeted Generals Grant and Rollins. They were taken to headquarters in an ambulance drawn by four mules, and on arrival found a sumptuous banquet awaiting them.

"At the close of the banquet, Grant said to Ingalls, who was an old West Point classmate:

"'Rufus, this is a pretty good lay out. Do you give this sort of thing to the boys every day?'

"'Oh no, general, but we have a little better food for the commanding officer than the rest of the command. I thought we would make the occasion of your taking command of the army a little out of the ordinary.'

"'By the way, Rufus, where did you get that ambulance and four mules that we rode up from the station with?'

"'Those have always been attached to the quarters of the commanding officers.'

"'Now, Rufus,' said the general, 'you gather up all of these delicacies that you have and send them to the nearest hospital surgeon and send with them that ambulance and two of the mules. The other mules you will send to the nearest battery. Hereafter you will issue me one ration and forage for two horses.'"

There were no more banquets to Grant in camp.

Again, at the encampment in this city, a discrimination was made against the soldier, and in favor of the citizen. During after dinner speeches there were men seated upon the platform in comfortable chairs who never shouldered a musket or saw the smoke of battle, while leaning against tent poles or gathered in groups upon the bare ground were the maimed and wounded veterans. On these occasions the soldier should be at the front, and if the modesty of the citizen would not suggest to him that he remain at the rear, by the rules of the organization he ought to be relegated to that position. On these days set apart especially for the benefit of the veterans, these old soldiers dislike to see boy colonels in gold leaf, occupying the "chief seats in the synagogue." But the Association is new, and all these matters will probably be regulated as it grows older.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 29TH. The past seven days have been characterised by unusually warm, damp weather, with considerable fog, and sunshine below the normal. Southerly winds have prevailed, and have poured volumes of moisture-laden air over New England. The rain has been very beneficial over those sections of New England that were suffering from drought, and the heat and moisture have advanced the growth of pastures and grass lands everywhere. Newly seeded land has been given a good start, and corn and root crops have made a good growth. But it has been decidedly injurious to grain and potatoes. The rust or blight has struck the potato vines in the northern States, and fields that one week ago were green and fresh, are now reported to be black and dead. In places the crop is forward enough not to be injured to any extent by the death of the vines, but rot is feared, and is, indeed, getting general, although not severe as yet. The correspondent at Brattleboro, Vt., reports that one week ago about one man in ten, only, reported any signs of rot, while now nine out of every ten report from 25 to 50 per cent., and still growing worse. All other reports indicate only slight or moderate damage as yet. At Marblehead, Mass., the rot is lessening, and does not appear to be as bad as it did a week ago. Little blight is reported from the southern States, and only moderate indications of rot.

The warm nights and humid air have served to give corn a rapid growth, and if followed by ripening weather, it will soon be out of the way of frost, especially in the southern States. There is a rank growth of fodder, and the ears have set well. Grain in the fields, whether cut or nearly ready to be cut, has been considerably injured by the rains, the straw being injured probably more than the grain. At Blandford, Mass., grain that has been threshed is about 25 per cent. above the average. Beans have been considerably damaged in the north, some fields rusting badly. Root crops and garden truck have made good growth. Grapes are a fair crop. Apples continue to fall off badly. Pears and peaches are a good crop, although the latter are light in Connecticut. The correspondent at Orford, N. H., reports blackberries to be the largest crop ever known. Tobacco has not been injured to any extent, although the harvest has been delayed.

Extracts from reports—Maine, Mayfield: The damp, sultry weather of the past week has developed rust to some extent on potatoes and beans. Beans are probably considerably damaged. No. Belgrade: Corn is doing finely; just the weather to push it along fast. Beans are being harvested, and the yield will be fair. But very little complaint upon potatoes as yet. Winslow: Poor weather for harvesting grain, which is the best for years. Next week corn canning begins, with prospect of a large yield Early apples very plenty. Potatoes yield first rate; begin to hear of some rotten ones. East Sumner: Potatoes rusting badly; no report of rot yet. Bethel: Potatoes are rusting some. Prospect for corn is good; the canning season commences next week. Poor weather for harvesting grain.

New Hampshire—West Milan: On the whole the past week has been a very good one for farmers. Potatoes are rusting; no rot reported. Littleton: Fodder corn is making a heavy growth. Rust has struck the potatoes, and the vines are nearly all dead. There will be a fine crop of rowen. Orford: Haying and harvesting done; oats a good crop; hay below average, but a superior quality. Potatoes a fair crop Corn a large crop if the frost holds off Apples falling off badly, and not over half a crop. Strafford: The drought continues to be severely felt; corn suffering, and potatoes past help. If it continues much longer there will be much suffering for want of water. Canterbury: Haying is done, and a full average crop is harvested. Grain nearly all cut. Potatoes show some indications of rot. Fall feed is growing finely. Blackberries are plenty and large. Newport: It has rained every third day for two weeks, which has hindered the grain harvest. Corn is growing very fast now. Blight struck the potato vines last week, and this week nearly all have turned black. Considerable rowen will be cut, and fall feed is growing.

THE SILENT POPULATION. The annual convention of the Maine Deaf Mute Mission was held in Portland, Saturday afternoon, and was attended by nearly 300 deaf and dumb people from all portions of the State. They conducted the business of the meeting in a thorough and systematic manner, listened to reports and elected officers. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mr. H. P. Hunt of Gray, who through an interpreter delivered a pithy address.

"The Maine Deaf Mute Mission," said President Hunt, "has been organized 14 years, and it is now 14 years since 1877, when we are in session all eyes in the 'silent world' are turned toward us. We are like the Grand Army which meets every year in different States, and renewing old acquaintances tell the story of the past to each other.

"When Gaullaudet and Clerc were teaching in this country 60 or 70 years ago the deaf mutes' sign language was in the dawn of its existence. It has now reached its meridian day. We can understand as quickly and can converse as intelligently as hearing people, but for many years in the early history of mutes there were no conventions and many of us were living at a distance from each other, so that we did not make the advancement that can be gained by meeting one another often.

"There has been a great change in the last 25 years, and I am glad of the progress made. When we wish to attend Sunday services in the cities where the conventions are held we always find the pastors and people willing to open their churches and let our interpreter speak to us from the pulpit, and they are always generous in the contributions given to help pay the expenses of our conventions, for which we will remember their kindness to us with gratitude. We must not be behind other people who have so many meetings in the summer season."

The address, which had been committed to writing by Mr. Hunt, was transmitted by sign language to the convention by Professor Clarke of Hartford, Conn., while another interpreter gave a verbal interpretation for the benefit of those mutes who were not deaf.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was next in order and the following were chosen:

President—George W. Wakefield of Brownfield.

Secretary—Dana B. Taylor of Kennebunk.

Treasurer—Albert L. Carlisle of Bangor.

In the evening there was a lecture in the sign language by Professor Clarke, after which a social hour was enjoyably spent. Incidental to this report it is of interest to state that there are about 50,000 deaf mutes in the United States, and of these some 300 are found within the borders of Maine.

A BALLOON ASCENSION. Prof. Colby, the daring aeronaut, who made the successful ascensions from Peak's Island two years ago, made another from the island Wednesday afternoon. An immense crowd was in attendance. The process of inflation was successfully concluded a few minutes past five o'clock, when Prof. Colby took his place in the swing below the balloon, and amidst the ohs and ahs of the onlookers sped rapidly into space. When the balloon, which was filled with hot air, had reached an elevation of about one thousand feet, the parachute was dropped, with Prof. Colby beneath it. At the same time the valve in the balloon proper was opened and the hot air escaping, the balloon gradually collapsed and fell to the ground. The parachute slowly opened, the professor descending at great speed at first, and then the speed slowly decreased until parachute and the professor safely landed near the church on the hill. The exhibition was a capital one.

The Governor has commissioned the following ministers to solemnize marriages: Thomas R. Smith, Ellsworth; Geo. E. Freeman, Bar Harbor; Harry E. Fistler, Cherryfield; Horace L. Crockett, Augusta; Samuel Thompson, Amherst; Edwin L. House, Skowhegan; C. A. Brooks, Bryant's Pond; C. L. Baker, Kittery Point; Philip Symmonds, Chas. A. Jackson, Lewiston.

A. Mitchell, Temple, has a mare 34 years old last spring, sound and smooth as a colt in limb and wind, good life and a good flesh. Mr. M. keeps no other horse, and this one has hauled all his hay and grain the present season.

Boston has had nearly 60,000 inhabitants added to its population since 1885.

Eastern Maine Annual Exhibition.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Eastern Maine Fair opened at Maplewood Park, Bangor, on Tuesday of this week. Improvements have been made each year in the equipments of the park, and on the track, as the exhibition has earned the money to defray the expenses of the same, and the past year has been no exception in this direction. A fine new stable has been added to those before built, and everything all around gives a completing touch, till now there hardly seems any further wants to be supplied. The park is certainly admirably equipped for carrying on an exhibition on a large scale, and the receipts have paid the bills. It has taken some nerve to go on with this extensive work, trusting to public patronage to meet the expense. But President Bass is equal to just such work, and his belief that the public are ready to back him up in sustaining an eastern fair for eastern people is being confirmed by the success so far realized.

Monday was a day of preparation, and a good one for the purpose, and the result of it was that the stock was all in place, quiet and contented, and those who had it in charge comfortably quartered long before the time of opening on Tuesday morning, at the time the fair properly opened. The extent of the horse department is a surprise to everybody. It had been known that at the previous exhibitions there had been a surprisingly large number of horses assembled, but this fair beats the record. Notwithstanding the erection of a 80-foot stable, and the finishing of a string of cattle sheds into horse stalls, yet all the big stables and every stall on the grounds were early filled, and still a large number of horses were without cover, and another long string of stalls had to be covered in during this the first day of the exhibition. Great has the horse interest become in the State of Maine, and greater it is rapidly becoming. We spend some notices of this bewildering collection of horses, but are entirely unable to attempt a full list even where so many are to be seen.

The stable near the main entrance is occupied by Appleton Webb, Waterville; Chas. G. Andrews, Bangor, and Fred Hill, Bangor. Mr. Webb will have eight or nine horses here, but at present it is not known how his string will be made up. Mountaineer and Hilda, the horses he had at Old Town last week, will be among them. They will be in charge of John F. Haines. Mr. Andrews' exhibits consist of Nahumkeag, brown stallion, 3 3½, Gray Harry, 2.26, and Blackwood Boy, three-year-old. He will be started for the first time in the three-year-old purse here. Lady Ledo, 4 years old, by Ledo; and Ned, 2 years old, by Van Helmont, are owned by Mr. Hill. The black mare, Bird, 2 27¾, by Starlight; dam Topsy, an inbred Morgan bred in Clinton, Iowa; owned by H. B. Tozier, Gardiner. She will be started in the 2.30 class. Von by Hardinge, a fine old, dark bay stallion, dam by Von Moltke, stallion, golden chestnut, exhibited by C. J. Bartlett, Unity. This stallion stands 15-2 and weighs 1,000 lbs. Mr. Bartlett has six Harbinger colts, of different ages, now promising. L. I. Bickford of Dixmont Centre has a string of five horses here as follows: Harcourt stallion by Harbinger, out of a mare by Waldo Chief by Gen. Knox; dark bay, blind in both eyes, 9 years old, 1,050 lbs., 15-2 1-2 hands. Dick West, gelding, 4 years old, by Col. West, dam by Gilbreth Knox. 16 hands, 1,100 lbs. Victor Patchen, stallion, 5 years old, dark bay, 15-3 hands, 1000 lbs., by Patchen Boy, dam by Gray Dam. Nellie M, chestnut mare by Fearnaught, Jr., dam by Midnight, by Black Sultan by Gen. Knox, 5 years, and Gipsey Girl by Fearnaught, Jr., dam by a son of Old Drew; 7 years old; dark bay, two hind stand 15-2 1-2 hands and weigh 1000 lbs. each, making an elegant span, both being chestnut in color. H. W. Sweetser, Hermon Centre, has the bay stallion, Watchman, Jr., 4 years old, 15-3, 1,100 lbs., by Watchman, dam by Fogg horse by Gen. Knox. C. G. Tribou, Hampden, stallion, Bay Harry, dark bay with black points, 4 years old, by Watchman, dam by Gideon, (145), 16 hands, 1100 lbs. Simmons, Black Almont, dam a Morgan mare, exhibited by O. P. Bean, Presque Isle, (Sprague's Mills P. O.) This is a fine colt, weighing 940 lbs. William Gould, Fort Fairfield, brings a span to Mills P. O., consisting of the old stallion Baymont, by Black Almont, by Aroostook Aimont, by Olympus; dam Susie, by Bay Dick, by the West horse; stands 15 3-4, 1125 lbs. This horse is half brother to Lady Almont, here shown in two of the very fine animals. "Pretty good for horses raised on buckwheat fritters," say the boys, and it is true.

Geo. K. McLoud, St. John, N. B., has nine stalls filled with thoroughbreds and Clydes. The thoroughbred mare Mistletoe, 8 years old; shire colt 1 year old; the Clyde mare Maid of Chester, 2 years old, 1250 lbs.; shire mare Marifield Bounce, 5 years old; Cleveland bay mare Queen of Hearts, 5 years old, weighs 1300 lbs., 16-1-2 hands; Clydesdale mare Jessemine, 5 years old, with colt 4 months old by her side; Clyde mare Miss Mitchell, 5 years old, with colt 6 weeks old by her side. These horses make a fine string and are in charge of A. E. Dixon. Howard MacFarlain, Fort Fairfield, shows the magnificent 3-year-old Clydesdale stallion Lincoln Boy, which took the first prize in 1890 as a 2-year-old. Also imported by Mr. MacFarlain when four months old, and has been owned by him ever since. He weighs 1450 pounds, and stands 16½ hands, and is one of the finest specimens of his breed on the ground. He will without doubt bear off the highest honors this year. Geo. L. Dolley, Enfield, has the 3-years-old stallions Lawrence Knox by Thayer's Knox, by Gen. Knox; dam Pet by Daniel Lambert, weighs 850 lbs; color golden chestnut. The stallion Thomas Slasher, by Lexington, dam by Leon by the Hutchings horse; 9 years old, 16 hands and weighs 1050 lbs., is shown by Hudson G. Gray, Orland. Stallion Dillon Edward, 2 years old, by Independent Knox; dam Topsy by Black Sultan, owned by C. G. Bridges, South Brewer. This colt is a well bred and finely made up animal.

H. E. Haley, Monroe, has a string of seven or eight horses and off by part the well known stallion Constellation, now 17 years old, formerly owned by Gen. Tilton of Augusta. Next is Day Dawn, five years old, by Hudson Adwance; dam Belle Von Moltke (Sorepaugh 2.48,) dam Nellie Morrill; followed by Abbott, 348, by Tattler, by Pilot Jr.; Knox Chief, 2.41 by Palmer Knox; Wilkes stallion Game Bird, by Jay Bird, dam Sprite by Dennet. Dennet Allen; dam Sprite by Watchman, dam Daisy Gould; Pilot Irving, by Black Pilot, dam by Joe Irving. Mr. Haley also shows the trotting gelding Dr. Lord, to be trotted in the three minute class.

The 3-year-old stallion Trenton, by Cornell; dam Flirt by Bachelor's Blackhawk by Vermont Blackhawk; stands 14-2, weighs 925 lbs. is entered in the 3-year-old race; and Dr. Phil. 2-years-old, own brother to Vermont, both owned by Lyman Brighton, Exeter. They show finely as a span.

In the 37 class, the gelding, Pomp is entered by J. H. Stewart, Thorndike; and in the 34 class Lady Rosa, an inbred Drew is entered by C. C. Hinds, Orrington. In the 37 class is the trotting mare Lady Robinson, entered by C. J. Parker, Bangor.

Walter D., 6-years-old, owned by B. F. Ingham, Esq., Wayne, is entered in the 14 and 37 classes and Almont Patchen, owned by Dr. C. E. Pickering, Gardiner, in the same classes. These horses are in charge of I. A. Adams and Kennebec county people expect good behavior from both of them.

E. C. Boody, Brooks, enters the stallion Sultan, 5-years-old, by Satan; dam by Gideon, in the 3 minute class and Frank Nelson by Flying Dutchman, in the 45 and 37 classes.

In the new stable at the north end of the Park are several finely bred horses. John McCoy, St. John, N. B., enters the standard bred stallion Miller Mambrino, 10 years old, by Governor Sprague, 444 (record of 2 20¾,) dam Lottie, bred at Woodburn Farm, Kentucky; and Sir Charles, 2745, Mambrino Charta; dam Lady Messenger. Sir Charles is a bay horse, 15-3, 1,100 lbs., 2 27¼; and the mare Maggie T., which made a record at Mystic last month of 2.23¼. Speculation, an inbred Mambrino, 6-years-old, record 2.32½, is in the 2.28, and 2.31 classes. Jessie is owned by Geo. Corville, St. John, N. B.. Gannymede, 2.28½ is entered by J. F. Walker, St. John, N. B.

A string of thirteen stalls near the main entrance has been reserved for Hon. G. J. Shaw, Houlton, who is here with his fine string of horses.

The new stable containing 21 stalls, built this season just east of the St. Elmo stable, is the centre of chief attraction on the park. It being the headquarters of the large display made by Manley T. Pooler of Fairview farm, Skowhegan. Mr. Pooler's horses are so well known that we need not give a full description of them, but must at least mention them. They comprise the stallions All So, 2-20 1-2 by Blackwood; Redwood, by Belmont, out of Blandiva; Mahlon, 3 years old, by Alcantara, 2.23; dam Blanche Jefferson, and All So, Jr., by All So, dam Minnie R. Mr. Pooler's band of brood mares is led off by Maggie Middleton, 2.20 3-4, by Bay Middleton, having a 6 months colt by her side, by All So; Maggie Bryan, by Cassius M. Clay, with 5 months colt by her side by Redwood, and Maud P. by Cunard, with an All So colt 5 months old by her side. Among the geldings shown are Grover Cleveland, 2.27 1-2, by Redwood, and More So by All So, 3 years old. In Mr. Pooler's string is also his new pur chase, the mare Tid Jefferson, by Alexander's Jefferson, 9 years old; dam Belle Von Annim, 2.19 1-4, but added to his stud, purchased of his cousin. In the trotting classes Mr. Pooler will start Grover Cleveland in the 37, Tid Jefferson 2.35 1-2, and Mahlon in the 2 year-old class. The trotting bred horse C. M. P., 2.34 1-2 Banquo, 2.43, and Miss Ledo, 2.39 1-4 owned by George A. Alden, Waterville, are also quartered at Mr. Pooler's stable. Of so will be purchased on the track each afternoon during the fair.

In the large stable which was occupied by Nelson last year are some most excellent specimens of horseflesh, owned by some of the principal horsemen in the State. Notable among the handsome animals are those of W. D. Haley of South Gardiner, who always brings a fine array to the fair. He exhibits his handsome Haley, by Hambletonian, and in the other stalls are Grayness, with a Nelson foal, May Gift and Lara Wilkes. The horses attract an immense amount of attention, and every person who visits the park strolls over to this stable.

C. W. Simpson of Thomaston also has his three well known horses in this stable. Nelson, Jr., Abbott, Jr., and Mahomet all have been of admirers in the city. M. W. Hewey's Riverside, the fine looking Buckport horse, is in this stable.

D. E. Larrabee of Dover has a fine string at this barn, which embraces the following: Hercules, Biscobin, Major Domo, Bavarian and Mambrino Wilkes. They are a very stylish and speedy looking collection of horses, and greatly admired by the visitors.

Every one who comes to the stable is anxious to see the horses which W. C. Marshall of Belfast has brought here. He has three of the handsomest in the stable, Nelsoner, Wilkesmont and Haroldson. The former is a finely built animal, and destined to rival his sire, the great Nelson.

A number of Skowhegan horses, in addition to those owned by Mr. Pooler, occupy stalls at his stable. Mr. Geo. A. Alden of Waterville has his fast Miss Ledo there, and Banquo, entered in the stallion race. In other parts of the barn are Glenstone, owned by W. T. Daggett of Fairfield. Alferus and Dunzer, owned by A. K. Perkins of Skowhegan, Ida Rolfe, Fred M., Combine and Glenarm, Jr., owned by C. A. Marston of Skowhegan. C. F. McLellan, of the same place, has Sancho at the stable, and the horse is to trot in the 2.31 class at the fair.

The horses that John McCoy of St. John exhibits, are in the stable at the upper end of the park, and are visited by hosts of people.

Horses of every description have found their way to this fair, and many and diverse are the different stallions whose get are represented. The Wilkes, the Hambletonian, the Nelson, Drew, Knox, and many others have some of their most perfect specimens here.

One of the pretty exhibits of horses are those which belong to E. R. Leach of East Newport. He has a very fine looking brood mare with colt, and a most perfect pair of matched horses which are full brothers.

CATTLE.

Unfortunately, the cattle departments are not as well filled as are the horses; yet a goodly number are on the ground, and they are generally of a high standard of excellence. The brief time in which our report of the issue of the first day must be made up, precludes the possibility of a full notice at this time. It is generally understood that oxen are scarce in the State, yet there are some of the choicest gems still left, and of course are found at the show, as they ought to be.

All the way from Cumberland county comes a long team of five pairs of oxen, shown by the member of the Board of Agriculture from Cumberland, Hon. W. Vinton of Gray, and a good team they are. Mr. Vinton likes good oxen, and knows them when he gets his eye on them. We could not get the weights of this team at the time of our visit, but it is safe to say they are big enough to show, and good enough to show well.

A. J. Libby & Son, Oakland and Embden, are the champion ox men of the State. They show a magnificent span of bigh quarters, and left a like number at home. In addition, they show a breeding herd of 22 head of Herefords, every one of which is a gem of its kind. Many of these cattle are remarkable examples of what can be done in feeding when good animals can be had to work with. Here is an object lesson that the boys who are to become the farmers of the future will do well to study, and the boys who were not at the exhibition, should make it a point to go to Lewiston, where they are again to be exhibited, and see what good feed and care will do for cattle. This lot of stock will pay well for the trouble, if nothing else were on exhibition. The butt end of this team weigh 5500 pounds in the pair, and they taper down to a pair of *calves*, measuring 5 ft. 11 in., and weighing 1800 pounds—not a very small snapper to tough a team, certainly.

Mr. Libby has that ancient wagon with him, the first that ever rolled up the Kennebec intervale above Waterville, and he gave the *Farmer* representative an invitation to take a turn with him around the track later in the exhibition in this relic of auld lang syne hitched up to that team of 36 ponderous beeves. Such loins and steaks may not trot as fast as the Hambletonians or the Almonts, but in point of utility may safely challenge the 2.20 flyer.

J. G. Fish, Oakland, shows 6 fine oxen, one pair four-year-old Durhams as fine as can be put up. He also has a pair to go in the drawing match that look like business, and a pair of steer calves which in their make-up are hard to equal. Weight 300 pounds at 7 months of age.

H. J. Allen, Turner, well known in the drawing ring, is on hand with a large pair of oxen that will make a record when they are given the chance.

Eastman Hathorn, Athens, shows a pair of 2-year-old steers, girth 6 ft., 9 in., faultless in their make-up, and wearing the substantial mary white faces of the Somerset favorites.

B. Barker, same town, showed a pair of working oxen, grade Devons, perfectly matched, and a fine pair.

There were also a few other pairs of oxen whose owners we could not learn at the early time of our examination.

BREEDING STOCK.

Of Shorthorns there were several herds, and more in number than of any other breed. Mr. Hunt, Bangor, probably known as a breeder of this stock, was on hand with a draft of 6 head from his well known herd. His bull, Adonis, is a good representative of the dairy made Shorthorn. No State show would be complete without the presence of Howard & Ellis, with their stock of Shorthorn cattle. They show 10 head of good breeding stock.

T. Fletcher and the Waugh Brothers, of Starks, each show some good animals. They all know good cattle, and want no other.

Jerseys were not out in large numbers, by exhibits of the Maine State Registry. A. P. Russell, Leeds, was out in large numbers, showing 18 head, all in good condition and making a good show. Mr. Russell keeps Jerseys for business, and his cows show that they are ready to do their part.

Another good herd was shown by C. A. Garland, Bangor, 11 head, all good animals.

H. P. Greeley, Bangor, showed 3 grade Jerseys.

H. B. Bailey, Veazie, one grade Jersey cow and calf. A few other single animals were found, but without labels to give the name of the owner.

Holsteins were only in limited numbers. J. W. Green & Son, the well known milkmen of Bangor, showed a herd of 13, made up of both pure bred and grades. They showed evidence of good performance at the pail. The Messrs. Green speak highly of the blood for milking purposes.

Elijah Smith, Bangor, showed 6 head with the full blood Holstein bull, 4 years old, and a good one. Neither of the bulls with these herds is of that enormous size so frequently found in this breed, and the owners are no doubt wise in the selection of the smaller sizes.

PIGS.

There was not a large show of swine but certainly it was of very creditable quality. There were five small Yorkshires by James Garland, Bangor. One sow nearly ready to farrow was a model of the kind that the dairyman should seek for who wants to make his pork of seven months of age.

E. H. Kenniston, Arno'd, showed Jersey Red sow, pigs and boar.

W. McKenzie, Auburn, showed 5 samples of his stock of Poland Chinas, all good ones.

There were several odd pens of grade Cheshires of different ages, but they were without labels or keepers and the owners were unknown to us.

SHEEP.

Sheep were shown in large numbers. All told they must have numbered several hundred on exhibition. They were chiefly from well known exhibitors save that the Somerset Hiltons have transferred their efforts to another generation of the same name, who were on hand with pens of the different classes of middle wools, fine wools and fat sheep. C. A. Brackett and E. E. Brackett, Gorham, showed their flocks of Oxfords. C. A. Garland and Howard & Ellis had pens of Southdowns, and others showed Shropshires. Among the latter were many sheep that did not grace the show pens and were no credit to the exhibitors. Profitable sheep husbandry demands good sheep well kept, and it seems the show yard would call for as good stock as the farm yard.

The morning of the first day was not altogether promising, and no doubt the threatening clouds kept many away, so that the attendance was small. The visitors multiplied, however, after noon; but about the time the track performance was to commence, a pouring rain came down and drove everybody to cover, and stayed all proceedings for the day. It was a wet blanket to lay over a Fair, but brighter days are hoped for later in the week. There was no progress made for the day in awarding prizes.

There is a fine exhibit of poultry, and also a good show of butter and cheese are particularly in the latter class. These, with the fine show of vegetables in the Hall, will have to go over for notice till another day.

There is also a good exhibition of implements, particularly of Maine manufacture, and a big show of carriages.

Altogether, there is enough for visitors to see, and it is hoped they will be on hand to see them.

Trade is everywhere picking up, and the Atkinson House Furnishing Company is not behind the times. With parlor suits and chamber sets; with cook stoves and parlor stoves, in short with all the articles needed to start housekeeping, they come before the public with prices that are away down; and as they sell on the instalment plan, persons of small means may take advantage of the bargains.

Mr. H. F. Tapley of Boston, the well known manufacturer of the Tapley Shoes, is again on hand for business, after three weeks' absence. His friends will be glad to know that his accident has not resulted seriously.

Grange News and Notes.

—Programme for next meeting of Somerset Pomona Grange, to be held at Bingham, Tuesday, Sept. 8th:

Address of Welcome, Bro. Foster C. Smith.
Response, Bro. Alonzo Smith.
Question for discussion, "Can legislation alter trade farming to its true position with other occupations and professions?" To be opened by Bros. T. F. Houghton, Ansel Holway, and Dr. William McLaughlin.

Reading, Sister Bell Williams.
Essay, Sister Desire Goodrich.
Reading, Sister Mehitabel Baker.

The choir of Bingham Grange will furnish music. I. O. WHEELOW, *Lecturer*.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit, in His providence, to remove our loved sister and associate, Nancy G. Charles, from our midst, and,

Whereas, It is but just that a fitting tribute be paid to her memory; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we sincerely regret her absence from this band of brothers and sisters, we would bow in submission to Heaven's high will, remembering that the Lord taketh away, and that He has a right to His own.

Resolved, That in the removal by death of our sister this Grange sustains a great loss, and desires to extend to the family their sympathy; therefore, be it further

Resolved, That we deeply mourn with the family who has thus early been bereft of a devoted wife and a kind and loving mother. Though we are glad to receive human sympathy, there is none like that heavenly One, the Holy Comforter, which is promised to all. To Him, therefore, would we commend this the first great affliction of their severe affliction.

Resolved, That this testimony of our sympathy and sorrow be spread upon the records of the Grange, also a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased, and a copy to the *Maine Farmer* and *Oxford Democrat* for publication.

GEORGIA A. BRADLEY, } *Committee*
B. WALKER MCKEEN, } *on Grange Record.*

JAMES HOBBS, *Sec'y.*

—Piscataquis Pomona Grange held its annual meeting with Central Grange, Foxcroft, Thursday, Aug. 20th. There was a good attendance, all the Granges in the county being represented. There were no discussions or literary entertainment, as the election and installation of officers would consume nearly all the day. The following are the officers elected for the coming year:

Master—S. C. Greely.
Overseer—R. G. Tibbitts.
Lecturer—Sister C. J. Herring.
Steward—L. B. Conner.
Assistant Steward—C. A. Carr.
Chaplain—B. S. Ayer.
Treasurer—J. P. Hobbs.
Secretary—Mrs. B. S. Ayer.
Gate Keeper—Edwin Pitman.
Pomona—Mrs. R. G. Tibbitts.
Flora—Mrs. A. E. Briggs.
Ceres—Mrs. S. C. Greely.
Lady Ass't Steward—Mrs. C. A. Carr.

The officers were installed by Past Master D. A. Jackson, assisted by Bro. Edgar Leland and Mrs. Nathaniel Grey. The county quilt made by the ladies of Resolute Grange a year ago, which was to be given to the patron receiving the largest number of votes, was presented to Mrs. B.

Items of General News.

Prairie fires have been started in the Cherokee strip, to drive out cattlemen who are violating the President's proclamation.

Major William Tillman of Louisville, Ky., cashier of the insolvent Falls City Bank, is in Canada. He owes the bank $50,000 and has also embezzled $15,000 of trust funds.

George Hogan, an aeronaut, fell 1,000 feet at Detroit, Saturday. He was performing on a bar hung from his balloon. His body was terribly mangled.

Hon. Samuel Clarke Pomeroy, ex-United States Senator from Kansas, died at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Whitin at Whitinsville Mass., Thursday morning. Mr. Pomeroy was born in Southampton in 1816.

By an accident on the Cannelton branch of the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis railroad, Monday morning, the train plunged down an embankment. Four persons were killed, thirteen badly hurt and eighteen slightly injured.

Rev. J. W. Olmstead, D. D., editor emeritus of the *Watchman*, the Baptist denominational paper, died at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Monday morning. He had resigned the position of editor-in-chief of the paper in June, owing to ill health. The cause of his death was heart failure.

At Hartford, Conn., early Sunday morning, Henry Frederick Buahenhagen, aged 60, and his wife Emily, aged 71, were killed by a tramp whom they had given shelter. He frightfully mutilated their bodies and threw the bleeding corpses into an old well. One Louis Lauer was arrested on suspicion.

Joseph Gordon fell from a fourth story window in New York, Friday. Both arms and his neck were broken and his head was badly cut. He may live some time. This is one of the few cases where the fracture of the spinal cord has not caused instant death.

Judge Blodgett of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, has ordered the clerk of court to issue writs of venires for a special grand jury for the September term, to be held in Hanover, and before which "Almy" or Abbott will be tried. Upon examination the scars were not found on Almy, and he denies he is Abbott.

A little past one o'clock, Thursday morning, fire consumed the four-story brick building on Portland street, Boston, occupied by Moses Coleman & Son, auctioneers of horses, carriages, etc. The building was gutted. The loss cannot be given at this hour but is estimated from $40,000 to $50,000; insurance unknown.

Friday night James Greenwood left Navy Island, situated in the river above the falls, in a sailboat to cross to Chippewa, Ont., his home, but did not arrive there. It was feared that he had been carried down the river and over the falls, and a search in the gorge revealed pieces of his boat. There is now no doubt that he lost his life.

An attempt was made to wreck the 5.15 passenger train from Boston last Saturday evening, while the train was rounding the curve between Melrose and Wyoming. The engineer saw a large double link, such as is used in coupling high and low cars, lying across the rail. He slowed up and fortunately the link did not derail the train. It was probably the work of boys.

Charles Campbell, aged 35, of Bristol, R. I., was found unconscious in a field, Wednesday night, and died Thursday morning from concussion of the brain. A coroner from Boston at noon and told a person that he was going into the field to die. Nothing was thought of what he said at the time, but it is now supposed that he had been in trouble in Boston and had received a blow on the head which resulted in his death.

The sad story is now all told concerning the fallen building at Park place, New York city. Sixty-one bodies have been taken out and the announcement is made that there are no more in the ruins. Work on the ruins has been stopped and the laborers discharged. A verified list of the missing shows 35 persons unaccounted for. The number of unidentified dead is 18, leaving 17 still unaccounted for. There are none in the ruins and the theory is advanced that they were totally destroyed by the fire.

Whenever Emma Abbott, the prima donna, who died several months ago, was preparing to produce an opera, she had Carl Rosa and Felix and all the crack dressmakers of Paris and London, working over time to make dresses for her, and for each dress she paid a sum equivalent to the wages of an ordinary clerk for seven or eight years. She frequently calculated that her entire wardrobe had cost her nearly $200,000. Yet almost all of this finery—all, in fact, except half a dozen dresses—was sold at auction in New York, the other day, for $1551 05.

Farmers in the adjoining sections of Methuen, Mass., and Pelham, N. H., are much excited over a series of robberies in that district which have occurred in the past three weeks. Fully a dozen farm houses have been entered. In all cases estables only have been taken. Some farmers believe that the murderer McArthur, the Dover jail breaker, hiding about there, and, like Almy, is levying upon the farms for his sustenance. Not a trace of the thief has been seen. A systematic search will be made for him when armed farmers will lay in wait for the murderer. The entire community is aroused and in many houses lights are kept burning all night.

Advices from Singapore state that the steamer Namachow sailed from that port with 800 Chinese coolies for the Penang market. The officers were Chinese with the exception of half a dozen Europeans. While at sea cholera broke out among the Chinese and deaths became very numerous. As first each victim was cast into the sea with a bar of pig iron in a sack around the neck, but as they were merely thrown overboard without any ceremony. The death roll grew alarming and no fewer than sixty bodies were thrown into the sea. Upon arrival at Singapore many passengers were landed and no quarantine being declared the vessel proceeded to Penang with the remainder of its infected cargo and crew. In four days nine cases of cholera developed in Singapore all traced to the steamer Namachow.

Thursday morning at about 2 o'clock at Boston bridge, two miles west of Statesville, on the Western North Carolina road, the fast mail train composed of a baggage and mail car, second and first class coaches in charge of Conductor Long and Superintendent Bridge's private car left the track. Just after leaving Statesville the road crosses a high stone bridge spanning Third creek. Down into this creek plunged the entire train, the distance being at least 60 feet. Twenty passengers were killed outright, nine seriously injured and about 20 badly bruised and shaken up. To add to the horror of the situation, the water in the creek was up to a high level and it was only through the most heroic efforts of those who hurried to the scene that the passengers and trainmen who were injured, were not drowned. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. The bridge was not injured. Most of the dead lived in North Carolina, among them being the engineer, fireman and baggage master of the train. Dr. George W. Sanderlin, the State auditor, was painfully injured, Col. E. B. Cameron of the Governor's staff and 15 others were more or less injured.

Capt. Andrews, who has just reached Antwerp on board a steamship, being rescued from his dory Mermaid, in which he started on a race across the Atlantic with Capt. Lowler of the Sea Serpent, tells this story: Capt. Andrews said he had good weather until forty five days after leaving Boston, when a storm compelled him to reef sails and allow his boat to go before the wind. On August 16 a terrible wave filled the Mermaid with seven inches of water. The same day he met the steamer Stag, from Shields, and profited by a lull to empty his boat of water and put everything in order. On the next day the tempest broke out with renewed violence. A wave capsized the boat, and Capt. Andrews, who was in the cabin, thought he was lost. He managed to open the hatch, and, swimming around the vessel climbed upon the keel. There he clung by a rope for half an hour, when the vessel righted, but everything had been lost. He closed himself in the cabin, lighted the lamp to warm his hands and remained the whole night dripping wet. He passed two days and nights in the same way, and then by laborious work put things in passable order. He saw a shark following and harpooned it in the eye. The storm continued all this time, the wind blowing with great force. The lamp oil was exhausted. Being too fatigued to keep watch, he lay on the bottom of the boat for four days. On Saturday, the 22nd, the water was exhausted. On the same day he was taken aboard the steamer Elbrus. Capt. Andrews asked for ballast and water, desiring to continue the voyage in the Mermasd, but Capt. Brown strongly dissuaded him. Capt. Brown gave Capt. Andrews the first warm food he had touched in two months. Capt. Andrews was then so feeble that he could not walk, and he remained prostrate for two days. Capt. Andrews, who is only 48, looks 55. He declares that he will never attempt the voyage again.

They positioned her feet and positioned her head. And blistered her back till "twas smarting and red, Med'cations, elixirs, pain-killers and salves, (Though grandma declared it was nothing but "starves.")
The poor woman thought she must certainly die, Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.—By wonderful its praises so loudly they speak; She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

One West Springfield, Mass., tobacco farmer, who has a fine 10-acre field of the plant, has been offered 37 cents a pound for it just as it stands.

Experts Agree that

PERFECT and uniform success in making finest food is more certain with Royal Baking Powder than with any other.

Use it in every receipt calling for baking powder, or for cream of tartar and soda, and the lightest, purest, most wholesome and appetizing food is assured.

MARION HARLAND: "I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."

MISS MARIA PARLOA: "It seems to me that Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal, and always with great satisfaction."

MRS. BAKER, Principal of Washington, D. C., School of Cookery: "I say to you, without hesitation, use the 'Royal.' I have tried all, but the Royal is the most satisfactory."

M. GORJU, *Chef*, Delmonico's, New-York: "In my use of Royal Baking Powder, I have found it superior to all others."

Latest Horse Notes.

—At Independence, Iowa, last Thursday, Nelson made the attempt to break his record trotting in 2.10¾, equalling his previous mark and proving his enduring qualities. It is a matter of regret that he is not to be seen at our great Fairs this fall.

—Superintendent Littlefield of Sunnyside Farm, Waterville, was the receiver of a dispatch from Mr. Nelson stating that his favorite mare Edna, by Dictator Chief from Gretchen, half-sister to the king of stallions, made a mile Tuesday at Independence, Ia., in 2.24.

—Races at Livermore:

2.29 CLASS—PURSE $250, DIVIDED.

F P Fox, b s Keystone	1	1	1
E Noyes, ch g S A Lawrence	6	5	6
D M Foster, ch m Themis	3	2	4
F J Watts, ch m Kate	4	4	3

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First	37¾	1.15½	1.54	2.33½
Second	38½	1.16	1.56	2.35½
Third	39½	1.17½	1.56½	2.36½

2.37 CLASS—PURSE $150, DIVIDED.

J S Buker, b g Honest Tommy	6	5	1
E Noyes, b m Miss Trombly	5	6	2
S P Richardson, blk s Capt Wedgewood	2	3	3
W H Higgs, b m Clara M	3	2	7
F R Hayden, b m Barbara	4	4	5
Foss & Williams, blk m Lillie B	7	7	4
A Hood, b g O Hood	8	6	6
F P Fox, ch g Dan Berry	1	1	dis

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First heat	38½	1.16½	1.55	2.34½
Second heat	37	1.15½	1.56½	2.38½
Third heat	38½	1.17½	1.57	2.36½
Fourth heat	39½	1.19½	1.56½	2.36½
Fifth heat	39	1.18½	1.56	2.46
Sixth heat	41	1.22½	2.05	

2.50 CLASS—PURSE $100, DIVIDED.

F E Hayden, m Nellie D	2	1	1
A D Horn, b g Jack Dempsey	1	9	8
F P Fox, br g Milo	4	3	2
B F & F H Briggs, b g Granada	3	2	3
T Thayer, br g Harry S	5	7	5
D M Foster, ch s Faunderoy	6	4	4
J F Jennings, b s King Lear	8	6	6
S B Farnham, br s Almeda Dix	7	8	9
S B Bailey, s s Frank A	9	10	10
C H Record, b g Ned R	10	6	4 dr
Nathan Hutchins, b g Newbreak			dis

Heats.	Quarter.	Half.	Three-quar.	Mile.
First	40½	1.19½	1.58½	2.37½
Second	39½	1.20½	1.59	2.41½
Third	41	1.21	2.07	2.38½
Fourth	40½	1.19½	1.57½	2.38½

Isaiah Pompilly of Auburn officiated as starter, Eugene Gilman and J. F. Barrett as time-keepers.

The second day was marked by the grand effort of Ben V., full brother to Messenger Wilkes, who trotted in 2.29¾, thus adding another to the 2.30 list. The stake foals of 1890, half mile, were won by Grenadier, owned by B. F. & F. H. Briggs; best time, 1.30¾.

The rain prevented the finish of the races until Saturday. Honest Tommy won the 2.37 class, postponed from Tuesday, in two heats; time, 2.35½, 2.37¾, and was immediately sold for $600. The summaries:

2.33 CLASS—PURSE $150.

Ben V, b s, B F & F H Briggs	4	1	1
Lucky, b f J Crocker	1	3	2
Maud M, b m, H C James	3	2	3
Dan Berry, ch g, F P Fox	2	4	4
Hamlet, br g, R C Swett			dis
Fearless, blk s, J L Foss			dis

Time—2.34½, 2.32½, 2.34¼, 2.36¾.

2.50 CLASS—PURSE $100.

Frank B, b g	1	1	1
Lucky Bill, b s	2	3	2
Jim S, ch g	3	10	dis
Lollard, blk g	10	dis	
Flying Yankee, br f	9	8	dis
Olive L, br s	8	9	dis
Lord Nelson, b s	7	5	3
Milo, br g	5	3	2
St James, blk s	11	dis	
Ned B, b g	6	7	dis
Brown's Pilot, blk s	11	dis	
King Lear	7	4	6
Alice W	4	6	5

Time—2.46, 2.43¼, 2.30¾.

The two-year-old race was won by Mattie Wilkes, best time 2.49. The three-year old was won by Marka, b. f., owned by C. L. Cushman of Auburn, best time 2.46¾.

Items and Incidents.

When a man grows bald it's safe to say that his wife's influence is gone. She has lost her pull.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is every where recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

Considering there are so many people who want the earth, it is a satisfaction to know there is enough to go round.

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of this medicine, was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

It seems to be just as dishonest for the laborer to take more than he earns as it is for the employer to pay him less than he earns.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Mrs. Beecher, the widow of Henry Ward Beecher, celebrated the seventy-ninth anniversary of her birth, Wednesday, at her home in Brooklyn. She was born in 1812, a year before Mr. Beecher.

Man is often deceived in the age of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Professor Alexander Agassiz, a few years ago, went to India and around the world. Before he started he gave notice that he would be back on such a day and such an hour. When day and hour came he was on hand.

Our national game without Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, to rub the heroes? Impossible!

The Czarowitz, of Russia, during his recent Indian tour, required no less than 30 tongas, or carts, for his luggage and about 300 pairs of ponies to draw the same impediments.

As the sun is superior to the stars, so DANA's is superior to all other Sarsaparillas.

John Cullerton, a Chicago porter, has retired with $100,000 received in tips.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

There was born a little over a week ago in Danbury, Ct., a baby weighing one pound and two ounces. It is a girl, and is about as tall as a lead pencil, with legs and arms up and down which an ordinary sized finger ring can be easily slipped.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

An educated, accomplished young lady of Petosky, Mich., has split twenty cords of wood with her own hands and has piled it neatly to season for summer use.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The Worcester Gazette says that throughout the length and breadth of Worcester county everything in the shape and form of a walnut, chesnut or butternut tree is loaded with fruit, and the season's crop of each will be simply enormous.

Tapley's "Bread Winner" outwears all other shoes.

THREE THOUSAND FELL—CHILIAN REBELS' HEAVY LOSS IN BATTLE—BALMACEDA A FUGITIVE. The following is a translation of a cablegram from Valparaiso, dated the 24th inst., which was received in Washington on Wednesday.

The insurgents succeeded in landing 10,000 soldiers at the Bay of Quinteros, north of Valparaiso, where they started along the shore toward Valparaiso under the protection of six of their men-of-war and eight armed transports, beside all the boats of their fleet, provided with mitrailleuses, endeavoring to surprise the city by a rear attack.

A government force of 5000 men was immediately dispatched from Valparaiso, and succeeded in delaying the crossing of the Aconcagua river near its mouth, while a sufficient number of troops were moving by rail to protect Valparaiso and oppose the insurgents by at least 15,000 men, with a prospect of a further increase of force from other quarters.

The government forces succeeded in stopping the insurgents for forty hours, with a loss to the enemy of about 3000 of their choicest men, notwithstanding the fire of the insurgent fleet, beside that of the land force.

This operation enabled the government to select the best positions for their 12,000 arriving troops, although this advantage cost the loss of half the number of the gallant division of 5000 men which contested the march of the rebels and their crossing the Aconcagua river.

The rebel fleet has been kept at bay by the fire of the Andree, and the insurgent forces are deprived of the expected protection of their men-of-war, while the government forces are constantly receiving reenforcements from the interior. Now the rebel forces will be found at any moment without a possible way of retreat.

A despatch dated at Valparaiso, August 29th, was received at the Navy Department, Washington, Sunday, from Rear Admiral Brown. It says: "The insurgents have possession of Valparaiso, which was taken yesterday morning after a very sanguinary engagement. The government had the advantage of a good position but showed bad generalship, and the troops were disaffected. The insurgent ships were not present and the forts were not engaged. The Lynch, with three second class torpedo boats, was captured. The foreign admirals demanded a guarantee protecting the lives and property of foreigners, which I have 100 men at the consulate and many refugees on board. The provisional president is here."

The above despatch from Admiral Brown to the Navy Department was the only information received here today by government officials of the situation in Chili Nothing further has been heard from the consul at Valparaiso since the telegram announcing the surrender of that city to the insurgents. Nor has anything been received from Minister Egan at Santiago. It is believed by the officials of the State Department, notwithstanding the despatches to the contrary, that Balmaceda is still in the hands of Balmaceda. They base this opinion on the fact that the department has not been informed by Minister Egan of its capture. They say he would certainly have notified the department if that city had been surrendered, as there is no interference with the cable line via Buenos Ayres, so far as the department knows. The Chilian minister declined to receive any one to-night.

This dispatch was received Sunday afternoon by Mr. Montt, congressional envoy:

IQUIQUE, August 30.

The Junta of the congressional government is en route for Santiago to-day. [Signed] ERRAZURIZ.

In another despatch to Senor Montt Senor Errazuriz says: "The triumph in the plaisidia has been complete. The troops of Balmaceda numbered 12,000. Three thousand are prisoners and all his artillery has been taken. Valparaiso was occupied without resistance. Vicuna, Godoy Banados, Minister of the Interior, and Vial, President of Valparaiso, fled to foreign vessels in the harbor. Our losses were not considerable."

If this report is true, that Valparaiso has been captured by the congressional party, it undoubtedly will end the Chilian war.

The State Department at Washington received a dispatch from Consul McCreesy at Valparaiso, Monday morning, stating as follows:

"Balmaceda has turned the government over to Riquedano and fled. Canto goes to Santiago to-night, to assume control until the arrival of the junta from Iquique. Good order prevails here."

ACCIDENTS.—Mr. Henry Carpenter of Waterboro met with a serious accident on Wednesday. He was at work with others sinking a well for Mr. John Sayward of Waterboro, when he slipped from the staging at the opening of the well and fell head foremost, a distance of 14 feet, striking on his shoulder and neck and badly straining his wrist and arm. Several ribs were also badly fractured, and he sustained other severe internal injuries. It was a narrow escape from instant death, as he struck the ground very near a barrel filled with gravel.

—Mr. Harry Arnold, traveling salesman for the J. M. Arnold Shoe Co., Bangor, was thrown from a carriage in Winn, and one of his ankles was broken.—Daniel Holland, Jr., seven years old, fell from North End bridge, Eastport, into the gas works pond Monday, and was drowned.—Sunday at Lamoine beach, while Nelson and Charles Walker were attending their sail boats, Charles upset his in getting on board. In undertaking to swim to another boat, he was drowned. His age is about 20. The father, Charles F. Walker, the Postmaster, has been confined to his bed for many weeks with a very serious illness.—About noon Monday Benjamin Merrill, an old brakeman on the Grand Trunk Railway, was killed. His head and one foot were cut off by a train backing over him at Gilead. He belonged in Portland, where he leaves a family.—Fred Clukey, aged seven years, was run over by a team and seriously hurt at Madison. The wheels passed over his body, breaking one rib and injuring his lungs. It is thought he will recover.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE. A letter from Capt. Robert Crosby, of Thomaston, in command of the bark P. J. Carleton of Rockport, which sailed from Baltimore, March 14th, for San Francisco with a cargo of machinery and other heavy articles, states that the voyage was uneventful until the bark reached Staten Island to round Cape Horn, when a fearful gale was encountered. One man was knocked overboard from the topsail yard and lost. Two others were knocked down and disabled by a sea which broke over the vessel. One man was sick all the way from Baltimore, so that the bark was four hands short. The rest of the crew proving incompetent, as the heavy weather continued, the bark was put back to the Falkland Islands to get more help. The captain succeeded in obtaining a pilot, but could not make port Stanley the weather was so thick. It was thought necessary, therefore, to put back still farther to Montevideo. There a portion of the cargo was re-stowed, as the vessel had become stiff and unmanageable. She has a valuable freight. The Carleton reports that June 27th ship St. Paul, Capt. O. H. Fales, of Thomaston, encountered the same furious gales and was obliged to put into Port Stanley with the loss of her rudder. The St. Paul is also bound for San Fradcisco.

PATTEN ITEMS. The schools in the districts are not all keeping at present. The new school house in the French district is completed, and it is to be hoped will be kept nice. The corner in our town which was fire swept so recently, is being rapidly built up again with large and fancy buildings, being so tastily finished that it improves the looks of the village very much. The hay crop has proved very satisfactory; it is thought all will exceed the last in abundance, with but slight signs of rust; small fruits have been very abundant. Blueberry parties have reaped a rich harvest. The outlook of Penobscot county has never been more propitious for good times than at present. We could have divided rain with our less blest distant friends, and our crops would not have suffered. Many of our people attended the re-union at Springfield, and report a good time. Our park is being fitted in anticipation of the trot that is looked forward to with interest, if rain does not spoil the whole, which would seem a pity after so much expense. The Messrs. Gardner will shut down their saw mill and put the crew into their starch factory, being unable to get their logs down the stream, which will enable them to run the grist mill late in the season.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The new Universalist church at East Eddington was dedicated on September 2d. On August 31st and September 1st the Penobscot Valley Universalist Association will meet in the church.——Rev. O. S. French of Dover has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Berean Advent church, of Westbrook, and will assume the duties at an early day.——The church of Our Father at Hull's Cove was consecrated by Bishop Neely Thursday. The sermon was by Dr. Huntington of Grace Church, New York.——Rev. W. A. Atchley of South Thomaston has accepted a unanimous call to the Baptist church at Chester, Conn.——The Strong campmeeting opened Monday evening, Aug. 31, and will continue until the following Saturday. A special effort is being made to make this meeting exceed former years. A large attendance.——The Kennebec Baptist Association will meet with the Belfast church in Skowhegan, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22d and 23d. The opening sermon will be by Rev. G. W. Hinckley and the doctrinal sermon by Rev. H. Tilden. The session will begin on Tuesday at 11 A. M. The public are cordially invited to attend these exercises.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 1, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—None.				
AT BRIGHTON.				
S. H. Wardwell,	28	11	15	28
F. W. Thompson,	9	11	15	7
L. C. Libby & Son,	40	100	160	

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 3,334; sheep, 13,141; hogs, 20,396; veals, 1,325; horses, 406.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 72; sheep, 111; veals, 143; horses, 76.

CATTLE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

The week's shipments from Boston were 1,685 head, with no improvement, by cable, as regards values, the rates paid being 11c dressed weight, a losing price to exporters for such cattle as are shipped.

POSITION OF THE TRADE.

The market for cattle has not visibly changed; common grades as low as last year at this time of the year. But few up-road cattle on the market; probably owners are not satisfied with prices, and are holding back the stock. With cooler weather, the meat markets will revive. Cattle are quoted at 4@6¾c per lb., dressed weight, and 7c for fancy cattle.

Sheep and lambs are being marketed in larger numbers, it being near the time when the market should improve for lambs. A good fall trade looked for on good quality of flocks. Sheep at 2½@4¼c; lambs, 4¾@6c.

Fat hogs are this week selling as high as for a number of weeks, but we apprehend that by next week, or the week after, at the latest, a decline will be realized. Supplies have been received freely. We quote Western live hogs at 5@5¾c per lb., upon arrival here, reckoning shrinkage and freight; country dressed at 6¾c.

Veal calves are in active demand, and the good lots moved quick at 5¾@6c at Watertown yards. Numerous sales were made at these rates. General sales at 5@6c; drinkers, 2½c.

The market for milch cows not as good as two weeks ago, but for choice grades there is a growing demand. All grades on sale from cows at $25, up to $75.

During the past week we have taken a trip amongst the stables in the city, where horses are offered for sale, and the general expression is that this is the very dullest week of the year. The weather has not been such as to induce buyers to invest, and they will hold off, before much is done, until late this month. Fine pairs of coach horses, or choice drivers, are always in demand, but the more common sort are a drag to the market.

Live Poultry—Maine has sent in nearly three tons of poultry within the week. Sales for mixed lots of hens and turkeys at 11c.; chickens at 15c per lb.

REMARKS.

The State of Maine, or we should say, some of the thrifty, enterprising cattle raisers of the State of Maine, have, for the past few months, been displaying their skill in feeding cattle, to an extent that the coming fairs throughout the State may well be proud of their energy. One thing is certain, that Boston butchers will have an eye for all such cattle. Our Vassalboro man, H. C. Burleigh, has an eye to the good two and three-year-old steers of his own feeding, as well as G. Wells, L. C. Libby, and others. We would not object now, if over the stock at Lewiston this year. Unless cattle are very nice, the market has not, of late, been very satisfactory to the drovers, therefore the stock is held back until there is a better market; but we would, by way of a suggestion, say it would be well to feed these cattle a little better than farmers usually do. You can put one cent a pound on to the value very easily. Butchers want good cattle. They can buy plenty of Chicago beef, such as it is, but they should look for something a little better from home raisers. Later in the season, we shall see marketed, premium stock—the plump, fat kind. As long as September, the latter part, would find a market. Ask Dick Sturtevant when he thinks it a good time to send along good, fleshy cattle.

SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

With improved weather, we found a better trade, more buyers, and sales easier made than two weeks ago. The quality was much better in milch cows, some selling at $75 per head. S. H. Wardwell sold 1 choice Durham, girthing 6 ft. 6 in., of five years old, at $60; 1 choice springer for $52. W. W. Hall & Son sold 1 milch cow at $57. J. S. Henry sold several milch cows at $30@$60. W. E. Hayden sold 1 new milch cows at $51. J. Melloy sold 7 new milch cows at $40@$52; 2 springers at $40@$45. Resick & Cheney sold 2 milkers at $40; 1 milch cows for $100. D. Fisher sold 2 nice new milch cows at $50 each. I. C. Libby & Son sold 1 nice milch cow (warranted) to give 16 qts. per day, at $48; 1 do. at $48; 1 do. at $42; 1 do. at $57, and a lot of 6 new milch cows at $41 each. W. W. Hall & Son sold 4 cattle, estimated to dress 1200 lbs. each, at 7c. dressed weight.

Working Oxen—Only a few pairs disposed of, and these as follows: 1 pair of working oxen, girthing 6 ft. 10 in., live weight 2800 lbs. a pair, at $85; 1 pair girthing 7 ft., live weight 3000 lbs., at $100.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Sept. 1.

FLOUR AND MEAL. There is no change in flour. There is a steady trade at quoted prices. We quote as follows: Spring and common extras at $3 50@4 25; extras and seconds at $4 25@5 00; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $5 10@5 65; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $5 00@5 60; winter wheat patents at $5 75@6 25 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $5 50@6 per bbl. Oat meal is quiet, with sales of fine at $5 75, and coarse at $5 60@6 40 per bbl. There is a quiet market for corn meal. Sales of bag meal at $1 48@1 50, and barrel meal sells at $3 05@3 10 for choice kiln-dried. Granulated meal sells at $3 90@4 00 per bbl.

GRAIN. The demand for corn has been moderate, and prices rule easy. Steamer yellow on track was offered at 76½@77 c, and steamer mixed at 75½c per bush. Shipping parties are offering, with some shipment at 76c for No. 2 yellow, and others at 77c, while corn in transit could be bought for 77c per bush. There is a quiet trade in oats, and prices are steady on the spot, clipped selling at 42¾@44c; No. 2 white at 41c, and No. 3 white at 40c. Cargo shipping prices were unsettled and generally lower, clipped selling at 41@42c, and Chicago No. 2 white a 40c per bush.

MILLFEED. The market is quiet. Sack spring bran sells at $17 75, and sack winter bran at $18 50@18 75. Middlings range from $22@27. Cotton seed meal, to arrive, is offered at $27 25 per ton. Canada bran sells slowly at $19 50 per ton, in bulk.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. There has been a very tame butter market all the week and prices have been barely maintained. Current rate yesterday for most of the Western extra creamery offering was 22 to 22½ cents per pound. It was not easy to sell much at over 22 cents, because the quality was not perfect. A few special brands brought 23 cents, in assorted lots, but such prices could not be obtained for more of the same sort. Lots coming under the head of firsts and extra firsts ruled principally at 19 to 21 cents, but did not sell freely. Western held stock, including June and July make, was offered at 20 cents, but 19 cents was the best bid obtained, and many buyers refused to pay that. Northern extra creamery was not offered under 23 cents, but no sales of consequence. Jobbing prices on best creamery ranged from 24 to 25 cents, with most of the business at 24 cents.

Cheese is firmer under the influence of the advance in the country, but there is not trade enough here to warrant a rise. The best Northern is hard to sell at over 9½ cents, in round lots, but 9¾ to 10 cents is asked for the late arrivals, and that must soon be the selling rate, if dealers are to get their money back.

Eggs started up a little on Mondad, and were quite firm yesterday. Western sold at 17½ to 18 cents, and Michigan were readily taken at 18¼cents. Special marks were held as high as 18 cents to arrive. Eastern fresh sold at 20 to 21 cents, and new laid at a higher range.

Beans have ruled steady, at a moderate demand. Sales of choice mediums and larger kinds at $1 65@1 70 per bush; yellow eyes have been selling at $2 65 to $2 75.

Potatoes were scarce yesterday owing to wet weather preventing digging, and prices advanced to 55 and 65 cents per bushel. Some sold in barrels at $1 80@$2 per barrel. This advance is only temporary, as prices will go down again when increased supplies are obtained.

HAY. There is a large supply of old hay here and the market is dull. Strictly fancy Canada and New York comand $17@18 per ton, but for most of the Eastern $15@$16 is a full rate, and ordinary at $11@$14. Rye straw is quiet at $14@$15.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2.

APPLES—$0 00@0 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 40@2 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Best, 17@18c per lb.; fair to good, 15@16c.

EGGS—19c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10¼@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@12c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 60c per bushel.

HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $11@12.

CORN—85c; meal, 80c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 50@55c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5½@6c. Chickens, 25@28c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 00@00c.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For the Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2.

APPLES—New, 25@40cents per bu.

BEANS—Pea beans 2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 25.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 20c. Creamery, 20@22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@11c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 19@20c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.

GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Pierce 7c; in tins, 8@8½c.

MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.

SCORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 5¾@9c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 13@14; spring chicks, 18@20c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 8@10c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 15@18c; round hog 5¼@6c.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, 40@45cents per bushel; cabbages, $1.00 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 50c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2.

APPLES—Eating, $2 50@3 50 per barrel; cooking, $2 50@3 00; evaporated, 14@16c per lb.

BUTTER—17@18 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 60; Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 25.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 9¾@10½c; N. Y. Factory, 9½@10¾c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $5 12@5 38; Spring X and XX, $5 60@5 75; Roller Michigan, $5 75@6 87; St. Louis Winter Patents, $6 25@6 37.

FISH—Cod Shore, $5 75@6 00; Scaled herring per box, 18@22c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $20 00@23 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 83@83; oats, 55@58; cotton seed, car lots, $27 50@28 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $28 00@29 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $24 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $26 00@29 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¾c; pail, 6¾@10½c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 15@17c; spring chickens, 28@30c; turke

Poetry.

What We Need.

What does our country need? Not armies standing
With sabres gleaming, ready for the fight;
Not increasing navies, skilful and commanding,
To bound the waters with an iron might;
Not haughty men with glutted purses, trying
To purchase souls and keep the power of place;
Not jeweled dolls with one another vieing
For palms of beauty, elegance and grace.

But we want women, strong of soul, yet lowly,
With that rare meekness born of gentleness;
Women whose lives are pure and clean and holy,
The women whom all little children bless;
Brave, earnest women, helpful to each other,
With finest scorn for all things low and mean;
Women who hold the name of wife and mother
Far nobler than the title of a queen.

Oh, these are they who mold the men of glory,
These mothers, offshoots shorn of grace and youth,
Who, worn and weary, ask no greater story
Than making some young soul the home of truth;
Who sow in hearts all fallow for the sowing
The seeds of virtue and of scorn for sin,
And, patient, watch the bounteous harvest growing,
And weed out tares which crafty hands cast in.

Women who do not hold the gift of beauty
As some rare treasure, to be bought and sold,
But guard it as a precious aim to duty—
The outer framing of some inner gold;
Women who, low above the ladies bending,
Let flattery's voice go by, and give no heed,
While their pure praises and their counsels ascending,
These are our country's pride, our country's need.

Our Story Teller.

ELEANOR'S SUMMER AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Three girls were talking together as they walked home from the high school.

"What are you going to do in the vacation, Alice?" asked her friend, Ruth.

"Oh! make the best use of my time I can. I have a great deal of studying to do to make up my conditions."

"Ah, yes, you poor thing, sick so long last winter."

"And a wonderful store of patience to cultivate for waiting on my cross old aunt."

"Patience will come for the asking, dear. What are you planning, Ruth?" inquired Eleanor Gray, a tall, fine-looking girl, looking affectionately at her two friends.

"Oh! nothing more than the same old thing. Always plenty to do at home. Children to train and sew for, one stupid girl to look after, mother to pet and nurse. I sometimes get tired of the same old groove," she closed, with a weary little sigh.

"I know what it is," said Eleanor, pressing her hand. "I've had plenty of it, too. Only there isn't any girl at all to look after, for mother and I do that work. But we are going to have a delightful change this summer—yes, indeed, girls, I am going to be giddy for once in my life. Mother has a sister who has taken a cottage at the sea-shore. Not one of the fine resorts, of course, but a place where moderate people like ourselves go and have a little subdued gaiety—"

"Dear me, how delightful," exclaimed Ruth.

"Waves sighing, and surf breaking and ocean breezes fanning you," said Alice.

"Yes; don't I wish you were all going!" said Eleanor, fervently. "Well, girls, wherever we are we may still claim our royal lineage."

"Yes, yes," responded the others in earnest tones.

"And the daughters of our King can never find work too humble or too fine-some for them."

"I'm going to look out for grand work this summer," said Eleanor, her eyes lighting with enthusiastic resolve. "I have never before had a chance of getting out of my 'groove,' as you call it, Ruth, and it will be strange if I can't find something far beyond the ordinary either to learn for myself with a view to more usefulness or to do for some one else."

"What stories you'll have to tell of your adventures by the salt sea," laughed Alice.

"Possibly," said Eleanor. "But whatever else we do, we shall remember each other night and morning, and hope to meet here again when the vacation begins to turn."

Eleanor and Alice lived at some distance from the town in which they had been boarding and attending school. A few days after their little talk the three girls bade each other an affectionate farewell and turned their faces toward their respective homes.

"Home again," said Eleanor, as she met her mother. "O mother, how good it is to be home, no matter how pleasant it may be. But we're going very soon, aren't we? How soon? It seems as though I couldn't wait a day, I am so crazy to get a sight of blue water. Nothing has happened to change our plans, hey, mother?"

"Nothing at all," said mother, smiling with pleasure at seeing that the hard study had not subdued the bright girl's flow of spirits. "I suppose you will need a little while for packing, won't you?"

"No; not a day here. The few new things I can have, and the old things to turn, twist, clean, trim, by way of trying to hoax people into thinking they are new, I can do all after we get down to our summer-house. And you wrote me that Robbie is all fixed. What a dear industrious old mother you are. And how Robbie will enjoy the sea-shore, with a sand-bucket and a shovel!"

With a kiss to her mother and a pat on the head of her small brother, Eleanor ran to pick up the threads of some small household duties.

"I'll attend to things in the kitchen, mother, but I must take a run into the garden. I am fairly aching for a bunch of the dear old pansies on the supper table. Of course they're thriving as they always do!"

Who would have thought a walk in the garden would bear such lasting results? Eleanor secured the pansies, selecting with a beaming smile the kind which, from a child she had sought out, those with markings which she declared showed a face looking into her own. Then she gave a little exclamation of pleasure as her eye caught sight of a bright cluster above her head.

"A bunch of apple-blossoms so late in the season! I must take them to mother."

Apple-blossoms were surely there, thanks to a backward spring, and the fact of a tree having been overshadowed and dwarfed by a rapidly-growing box alder. Eleanor stepped upon an inverted flower-pot, then to the lone stonewall which surrounded the garden.

But a stone slipped, and she missed her footing and came near falling. Grasping a limb of the tree, she tried to regain her balance, but was obliged to take a quick step back upon the flower-pot. And then a sharp pain shot through her foot as it seemed to twist under her weight, and she sank down upon the ground.

"What is it, Eleanor?" asked her mother, hurrying out at sound of her call.

"I've hurt my foot a little, mother. If you'll just help me I'll get back to the house and rest it for a few minutes. It hurts me to step on it."

Mother examined the foot with a look of dismay which she hid as well as she could from Eleanor.

"Lie still," she said, after binding a cold compress upon it.

"But I want to get tea," said Eleanor. "I meant to begin helping you the first moment I could get to you."

Mrs. Gray shook her head when out of reach of Eleanor's eyes. The young girl fretted restlessly for a few moments, after which the pain in her foot caused her to forget her anxiety to move about.

"How long will it be, mother?" she asked, in a low voice, the next morning, as the mother, without her daughter's help, went about household work. The hours of suffering through the night and the sight of the swollen foot had prepared Eleanor to some extent for the discouraging answer.

"Three weeks at least, my dearie," replied mother, with a smile of good cheer.

"All our plans spoiled!"

"No, daughter, only deferred for a little while. And we may be sure it is for some good reason."

"Yes, of course. But!—"

Mother could guess how much of suppressed impatience, of disappointment, of a brave attempt at submission were contained in the small conjunction as Eleanor turned away to hide her tears.

"How will Robbie feel about it?" she asked, later.

Robbie, however, behaved like a little man, as he was.

"It's so good to have you here, Nellie," he said, giving her a rough little hug, "that it isn't going to be very hard to wait."

"And this is my first endeavor," said Eleanor to herself. "An endeavor simply to be patient in sitting still when I ought to be helping mother, to be pleasant when I am so nervous with this pain that I feel like snarling at everybody. To realize that I am standing in the way of their enjoyment."

But Robbie's words returned again and again to give her help.

It really was enough to be thankful for to be all together again, and the days slipped swiftly by as the sewing which was to have been done by the sea-side was done at home.

"It has been best, you see," said mother, a few days after the accident, reading a letter from her sister. "Scarlet fever has broken out in the cottage adjoining Margaret's. They are going to take the child away as soon as he is better. We could not have dared remained there with Robbie if we had gone at the time we expected. We should have been at all the expense and annoyance of coming back."

"Everything is for the best," said Eleanor, with a bright smile. She could not anticipate how her faith was to be tested.

A week later the scarlet fever scare was announced by Aunt Margaret to be over. Eleanor's foot was declared well enough to venture, with care, on the short journey, and all preparations were made.

"It is so good to have been able to rent the house while we are gone," said mother on the evening before they were to leave. "It will be a real help on such small expense as we shall have to meet."

"And we should not have had that opportunity if we had not been delayed Everything fits in just right."

Mother went to the back of the house to attend to some small matter, leaving Eleanor, who had wearied, her ailing foot resting on a lounge by the open door of the sitting-room.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself, as through the deepening twilight she saw the old omnibus belonging to the small village, drawing up at the gate. "Somebody's getting out. There's some mistake. They ought to be told. Mother!"

Mother did not hear her call, and within the next minute two children had followed the woman who alighted from the omnibus.

"And two old trunks," exclaimed Eleanor, rising, in a little excitement, and hobbling to the door. "It won't do to let them make such a mistake. And there's the omnibus driving away."

As well as she could, she hurried out on the walk, to be met by a thin faced, unattractive women, and the two children.

"I think you have made some mistake," said Eleanor, hastily. "Hadn't you better call the man back?"

"I don't believe it's a mistake," said the woman. "Isn't this Mrs. Gray's house?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, with a sinking at her heart as the woman followed her into the house. Mrs. Gray met them in the sitting room.

"Mrs. Gray?" asked the new comer.

"Yes," was the answer.

"I'm the widow of Harvey Gray; your half-brother, wasn't he?"

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Gray, avoiding the look of dismayed inquiry with which Eleanor sought to meet her eye.

"I suppose you know something of what his life was. I married him, supposing him to be a good man. He spoiled my life; did me all the harm a man can do a woman. He used up my property and his own, and then died. I have these children to support, and I can do it, but I want a little help first, not much. I have secured a situation in the orphan asylum in the city, where I can earn enough to keep them and myself. But I cannot go there until September."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Gray, who in her surprise had forgotten that all were standing.

"I don't know where we are to stay till then," went on the woman in the same dull, hard voice, without noticing Mrs. Gray's invitation. "I have borne all there was to be borne from your brother. It wasn't my fault that he was what he was, it was the fault of some one else. But it has all been visited on me, and now I am come to see if some of his kindred will take me and my children in until my place is open for me. It isn't much to ask, considering all."

She had never varied from the hard tone which showed, that she in part, at least, held them, her husband's relations, responsible for the trials she had endured. Having finished speaking, she sat down and waited.

A host of sad and bitter memories crowded upon Mrs. Gray of the wilful, wayward, younger brother, who, having given his parents trouble and anxiety without limit, ran away from home—a good riddance, so all the neighbors said. His family had heard of his death a year or two before, and that was all, until this.

"Of course you can stay," said Mrs. Gray, quietly. "Come into this room and take off your things."

She led them to her own room, quickly deciding to share Eleanor's much smaller one; then hurried to the kitchen, where Eleanor met her with a despairing face.

"Mother, is it so? Must it be so?"

"What can we do, my daughter?"

"Give up all our plans for the summer? Stay at home when we were all ready to go, and wanted to go so much?"

"We couldn't say no, Eleanor."

"And for that dreadful woman, who looks as if she thought we were all her enemies. O, mother, how can we bear it?"

"It must be for the best, dear."

"Best—best. Yes, yes, but how can it be? Was this best for which we have been waiting all this time?"

How hard to trample down the rebellious feelings which would arise in her heart! How intolerable to think of exchanging the sight of the blue sea for the continual sight of that stranger's bold, unlovely eyes, the sound of the murmur of the waves for that harsh voice! To accept her companionship and that of those sharp looking children for that of the friends she had hoped to meet, from whom she had hoped to win good, and to whom she had hoped to do good!

She reached her room before mother's newly imposed duties allowed her to, and, throwing herself upon the bed, wept out her sorrow and disappointment. It was the first chance of a real outing which had ever come into her life, cast into such quiet ways. She gave full vent to her grief. Then, rising and lighting a little, rose and looked into the mirror. Some of the old determination had come back to her eyes.

"Well, Eleanor Gray," she said, looking sharply at the intelligent face which answered her gaze, "so you are ready to lay down your arms and desert your colors, are you? You are ready to give up the fight, for what? Just because your captain hasn't consulted you as to what line you prefer to fight on. Oh, yes! You're a brave girl, Eleanor, you're a worthy follower of the Master, a worthy daughter of the King. You seem to have forgotten that a daughter accepts in meekness and love the commands of her Father—"

Another burst of tears, this time flowing with a mingled repentance with the bitter struggle to give up her own will; and when mother at length looked in, with a little look of dread at her heart in the fear of Eleanor's taking it hard, added to her own disappointment for herself and her children, she was most gratefully cheered by finding that the young girl had quietly accepted the burden she could not shake off.

"Perhaps we can do her some good," said mother, after sitting in thought for a while.

"She doesn't look as if she wanted good of us," replied Eleanor. "She has not as all she asked was a room and something to eat. But the children surely can take in some good."

Mrs. Gray met her in the morning with a half defiant expression, which, however, partly wore away as she perceived that those upon whom she had cast herself for help over a hard place, regarded her with a kindly spirit.

"But she never lets up at all," said Eleanor, dolefully, a few weeks later. "If I could only feel that she realized that we are friends, and desire only to be kind to her and do her good, it would help me. He does not see fit to make it easier for me."

"Now, tell us about your summer, Eleanor," said Alice, as at the opening of school in autumn the three friends again met for another year of industrious, enjoyable study.

"What about yours?" asked Eleanor.

"Oh, very much about what I thought," said Alice. "Only my aunt was not so cross as I feared she would be, and the crossness did not seem so hard to bear, because of the strength you spoke of, Eleanor, which came for the asking. And I have done my studying and did not break down at it, and Aunt Abby was always predicting, and as I, in my ugly moments, fancied she would have enjoyed seeing me do. But I think I at last contrived to reach into the poor old woman's heart, and we parted the best of friends."

"And you, Ruth?" asked Eleanor.

"Well, not exactly what I anticipated. Harder in some ways. Mother was sick and had to go away from home, which made it doleful for me and the tribe of little ones."

"What a chance for work for every hour!"

"Yes," said Ruth, slowly, but with a light in her eyes. "No end of chances for patient bearing of small worries and doing of small duties. But I loved them all so much it made it easy, unless the hateful part of me come uppermost. But I had a delightful resting-time afterwards. Mother came home well, and sent me off for two weeks to some friends in the mountains, who petted me and made as much of me as if I had been a queen."

"Or a princess—as you are," said Alice, pressing her hand. "Now, Eleanor, you wrote me of a great disappointment, and after that you said next to nothing about yourself."

"Indeed, I hadn't much to say," said Eleanor, "for I was too busy to write."

She gave a half-comical, half-serious account of the inopportune arrival of Mrs. Harvey Gray, continuing the story of the summer's duties and their outcome, of illnesses through which the children had passed, of times when their mother had found it hard to meet the expenses of the additional family.

"And do you mean that that woman never warmed up to you to the very end?" asked Ruth, when she had finished.

"Never," said Eleanor. "She seemed to regard her husband's relations as her natural enemies, and I can't say I blamed her much for it, poor thing."

"What's all nonsense," said Alice, impatiently. "I don't see how any-one could have withstood your kindness, Eleanor."

"Well, she did, but I made my way with the children. Robbie behaved like an angel, never making a bit of fuss in his pleasure at having some playmates. We all grew fond of the children."

"And wasn't there any story-book let-up to it?" went on Alice. "No reward at the last? No finding a wealthy friend of that woman who lavished his gratitude on you for all you had done? No good time for you before you came back to school?"

"Not a bit," said Eleanor laughing.

"She didn't need it," said Ruth, with a sober glance into Eleanor's face. "O Eleanor, we are all of us looking for some kind of a little trumpery toy of reward as we go along. You haven't had it, dear. It has been simply loving, faithful duty to you. There hasn't been a bit of artificial light to stand between you and the light of his countenance—nothing to spoil the fulness and sweetness of your perfect service."

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. People who are thankful don't have much trouble about being cheerful.

Groviers are never wanted anywhere.

People who are known to be good are the ones who are sent for when a man comes to his death bed.

People who love the Lord in earnest are not ashamed to say so.

Men who have no aim in life are very apt to grow crooked.

Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—XXII.

We have some hymns written by American women. I will give a part of one composed by Mrs. Phebe H. Brown. She was born in 1783, in Canaan, Ct. Her lot was cast in humble life. Her name was Brown by marriage. She used to retire at twilight to a wood or grove near her house, for private devotion. This practice was observed by a rich neighbor, who criticised her for her twilight walks. Mrs. Brown expressed her feelings in verses, of which the following lines are a part:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

"I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

"I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

"I love by faith to take a view
Of bright prizes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

"Thus, when life's tedious day is o'er,
May I departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day."

Mrs. Brown did not write for the public, but the hymn soon found its way into the hymn books. She had a son, Rev. Samuel R. Brown, who became a missionary. She died in 1861.

Phebe Cary was born in Ohio, in 1824. Her sister, Alice, was two years older. Their parents were cultured, but poor. In her more prosperous years Phebe said: "I have cried in the street because I was poor, and the poor always seemed to me nearer than the rich." Alice began early to write for the *National Era*, published at Washington, D. C. She wrote several novels, poems, and sketches of country life, which were well received by the public. The sisters removed to New York city, where their little home became the centre of a literary circle. Both are now deceased.

Phebe published several small volumes of hymns and other poems. The following is the most touching and popular of her hymns. It was written after attending church one Sunday morning in 1852, and expresses her own experience:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

"Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross
Nearer gaining the crown.

"Nearer the hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

"Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me lean on Thy arm as I stand
On the chilling shore of death.

"Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer my home,
Nearer now than I think."

Col. R. H. Conwell relates that when traveling in China, an errand led him to a gambling den, where were two Americans at play, one a young man, the other older. While the elder was dealing the cards, the young man hummed the first stanza of the above hymn. The elder paused, and asked what he was singing. The younger replied that he did not know. The elder inquired, "Where did you learn those lines?" The answer was, "At a Sunday school." The elder threw down the cards, returned the money he had won, and declared he would never touch a card again, or a drop of liquor, and exhorted the younger man to do the same. Both permanently reformed. When Miss Cary heard of it, she wrote: "It makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

H. K. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Brief Studies in Composition and Literature—II.

The defect briefly mentioned in a former paper is one, primarily, of education; and the remedy should be sought for in childhood. The use of inappropriate words, the failure to comprehend and clearly to ideate—these are largely the fault of parents, for which the child suffers in after years.

But even though the education has been defective, no intelligent man or woman should abandon the work of self improvement. Education trains; but culture enriches; education teaches, culture unfolds.

It is surprising how an hour or two devoted to daily study repays the student in the bright usury of knowledge.

In order to make the return really valuable, however, some definite system should be pursued. Simple language studies should be taken up.

The beginnings of language; the shades of meaning taken by a given word through successive periods of history; the tracing of words to and from their roots like vine tendrils, will be found useful. In this work, a good dictionary is of the first importance; and this may be supplemented by as many books on the history of language as may be within the student's reach. Many suggestive and instructive articles may be found in magazines, and even in newspapers, upon the development of language, if we look for them. A scrap-book might aid in preserving these. For instance, the writer has before him cut out the "Studies in Sacred Song," from the "Choice Miscellany" of the *Farmer*, which will prove a valuable addition to a scrap-book of English Literature.

After a course of simple studies such as have been mentioned, the student will begin to understand something of the uses of words, and may then take up some standard descriptive author; some favorite writer of travels, science or history; it matters little, if only it be intensely interesting to the student.

After reading this, let him sit down with the bits of description all in mind, and write it out himself. The doubtful word be found, and its exact meaning traced in the dictionary. Use simple words and short, concise sentences. The time for ornament is not yet.

In revising these first attempts, the employment of a wiser head than his own may be very helpful; but if no such aid be at hand, he need not despair; with a good grammar and dictionary, much may be accomplished.

From the practice of writing these memories from books, one may pass to the transcription of the more interesting events of daily life; and will be surprised to find the once irksome task of letter writing, fast becoming a pleasure.

In reading the best authors—and there are so many of these one need choose no other—we find many figures that enrich and beautify the expression of thought. Having become interested in these, one may take up the study of rhetoric; and advance to the fascinating and ennobling study of English Literature.

L. B.

All About Wolves.

The Greatest Pests the Early New England Settlers Had to Encounter.

An Oxford correspondent of the *Press* has lately twice mentioned the appearance of wolves in his town. Such doings as if these plagues of the colonists were coming down upon us again from the north. Wolves have served for illustration of everything vicious, treacherous and destructive from Bible time to ours. They were the worst enemies the New England pioneers had to encounter, and every settler was interested in their extermination. The old town and colony records are full of legislation concerning wolves, and the choice of town officers the next article in the warrant read, "To see what the town will allow in addition to the province bounty for wolves' heads." The importation of farm stock and its increase brought the wolves to the coast, and the sheep, goats and hogs furnished a supply of tempting food, causing a corresponding increase of wolves. They grew bold and would come near the houses in the daytime for their prey, and at night they kept the settler awake by their howling around the log hovels which it was necessary to have to secure the farm stock. Wood, in his New England Prospect (1634) says: "A wolf makes no more bones to run away with a pig, than a dog to run away with a marrow bone."

Treasurer Pincheon of the Massachusetts Company records these payments out of the common treasury:

"9th of October, 1632 (one year after the arrival) paid John Saggamore's brother for killing a wolf 1 coat, 12 sh.

To Jack Strom one coat, by note from the Governor.

To Womascus's son for 2 wolves, 3 coats 1-10.

To Richard Waterman of Salem, for a wolf, 2 pounds.

For 20 wolf hooks to hang.

For 6 wolf hooks with adders tongues.

For 25 wolf hooks to Roxbury.

To Watertown 26 wolf hooks.

To Ipswich 25 wolf hooks.

To Boston 25 wolf hooks."

From this it would seem that Boston had then as many wolves as the neighboring towns, and she has yet, but these of to-day are of the species spoken of in the scriptures, "in sheep's clothing." These will not take the hook, only the drag net will take these, like the common sucker.

In 1643 Plymouth General Court ordered the making of a supply of "wolf traps." In the treaty entered into in Boston by King Philip in 1671 the third article read:

"I do promise to send unto the Governor or whom he shall appoint, five wolves' heads if I can got them, or as many as I can procure until it comes to five wolves' heads yearly."

In 1717, so troublesome had wolves become on Cape Cod that a project was started to build a high fence of boards and palisades from Sandwich to Wareham across the cape, to keep wolves from coming into the county of Barnstable. Sandwich wanted the fence and Falmouth acceded, but the other towns declined, whereupon the general court was applied to but refused to compel. This fence would have been a little north and west of the canal now in course of construction to unite Barnstable and Manomet Bays. When Dexter owned and occupied Nahant he built a fence across the reach "to keep out the wolves and swine."

In early times it was a common occurrence for towns to become alarmed and call a meeting and offer an extravagant bounty for some individual wild animal. In 1790 Sandwich, Cape Cod, "voted twenty-five dollars to any one who shall kill the wolf, catamount, or tiger infesting this and the neighboring towns, and destroying sheep." In 1827 the same town offered $100 for the killing of a wolf which was causing great destruction to the sheep.

Wolves were very troublesome in York county in early days. Below is a sample of laws enacted to exterminate them.

At a general court held at Saco, Sept. 17, 1640, "It is ordered by this court that in regard to the great damage the inhabitants of this province do sustain through the loss of cattle by the devouring wolves, that from henceforth any one shall kill any wolf between Piscataqua and Kennebunk, the party so killing them shall have twelve pence for every wolf so killed, from every family between Kennebunk and Sagadahoc. The party killing any wolves by repairing to the next councilor of this province within those limits, shall have order to take up said money." Old Falmouth was not exempt from the ravages of wolves. In 1643, John Winter wrote to his principal from Richmonds Island that wolves attacked a cow at Spurwink, and wounded her so that she died. In June, 1640, there were on the island and main land 76 goats and kids, 30 swine and 40 young cattle. Winter complained that "wolves and bears do kill many, and maketh the pigs fearful to stay away in the woods, for all I have a man to follow after them." At this time wolves were so plenty in Falmouth that the town voted to allow ten pounds in addition to the 40 shillings that the Province allowed for wolves. In July, 1740, Parson Smith records: "I had three sheep killed by a wolf —there were seven killed belonging to others." In many cases the payments by towns for wolves' heads exceeded the amount of their Province tax, and in 1719 a law was passed in Massachusetts that the Province Treasurer should refund payments by towns.

In 1734, the town of Falmouth "voted that ten pounds be allowed, in addition to what the Province allows for the head of a grown wolf; he, or they, making oath that they killed the said wolf within the township of Falmouth, three pounds for whelps not taken out of the belly of a bitch wolf." In 1738, six pounds was the town price. The next year it had fallen to three pounds, but the next year it went up again to six pounds. There it vibrated between six and ten pounds for several years, according to the destruction to the flocks.

The days of wolves became a regular business, the same as the hunting of Indians, for the bounty. There were at least three places in old Falmouth where deep pits were dug to decoy wolves into, by a bait consisting of a live sheep in a cage, so secured that when the wolves leaped for the sheep, they landed in the pit, which was concealed by brushwood, which also prevented the animals climbing out. Wolves will scent a sheep a long distance, and during a night several would get trapped, and often kill one another in their efforts to get at the sheep. All that were left were sure to meet death in the morning. Two of these pits were on the land of John Blake, now enclosed in Evergreen cemetery. They were on the low land in the westerly section of the enclosure, at a place known to the villagers as Mosquito Harbor. In my shooting days, sixty years ago, I went there looking for woodcock, and wondered at these large, deep pits, which were made a receptacle for tin chips from the tin shops of Buckley and North. They have been filled up, and some day a grave digger will wonder over them as seriously as I did long ago. Some were two cubic pits like the above pit. The same purpose a few rods south of the Minot farm, half a mile south of Pride's bridge. In the vicinity of Smelt Hill lived several Shaker families—the Wilsons, Robert, Jeremiah, and Gowen, who afterwards joined the Shaker community at New Gloucester. They were there in 1793. Jeremiah Wilson died there in 1859, aged 88 years. These Wilsons had wolf pits, but I am not sure of the spot. In 1743 a bounty of the Treasurer of Falmouth paid Buxton 30 and Mayor Brackett 10 pounds, for killing wolves, and three pounds for three wild cats. These men probably owned wolf pits. They were trapped in large numbers. They avoid water as do cats. Advantage was taken of this dislike, and at proper places in shallow streams, the trappers placed stepping stones, reaching out for water, for them to cross on, the shore ones at a longer distance asunder, obliging the animals to leap to it. On this shore stone was placed a trap covered with moss, to which a weight was fastened, which the wolf could not drag far, and into the steel trap the wolf was caught.

About the time of the Revolution, with all this machinery for their destruction, the wolves began to get scarce. In 1774, a bounty was paid to a Shaker in this country, arrived at Albany, from England. Her preaching and doctrine became popular, and several small communities were formed in Falmouth. One at the Duck Pond, beside Col. Jones's, on Quaker Hill. About this time the wolves found that they were being outwitted, and many of them left for a more favorable locality for a living. The disappearance of this scourge was made a source of joy by the Falmouth Shakers. They claimed that it was in answer to the prayers of mother Ann and her followers that the wolves disappeared. Much of this wolf lore is now unattainable from first hands. I recall in my boyhood from old people who delighted to see my eyes dilate, and my nervous moving nearer to the open fire in the evening.—*Wm. Gould, in the Portland Press.*

Very Easy to Burgle.

No Dwelling Proof Against the House-breaker's Tools.

"The first burglary I remember of committing was when my father lifted me over the fence into a neighbor's yard to steal flowers. I suppose he didn't think how bad that really was, but the memory of those first theft has clung to me always. Subsequently when I took a notion to steal something more than flowers—namely, to gut a jewelry store—I fortified myself with a good bracer of whiskey, 'worked' the house with a blush and blamed my father for teaching me to steal.

"Now, across the water it is not so easy to gain access to a house as here, because of the iron fences. In New York it is hardly less difficult, in my opinion, at least, for the same reason. However, out West it is not considered a difficult feat to enter a house, take it where you may.

"And you ascribe that to—"

"To the way the house is built. People have learned to protect their basement windows, as a rule, with bars, but still this is not always the case. One would think that a man with his millions, perhaps, in the bank, with his house loaded with costly art pieces, and a fortune alone may be in diamonds and silverware, would take every precaution to guard against burglary, but he doesn't. He imagines because he never has been robbed that he never will be. That is about as much sense as the man had who didn't want his life insured because he had never died.

"Whenever I took a notion to 'work' a house I didn't stop to go and look up the police record and see if the place had been 'worked' before. I immediately began laying my plans. I went with good nerve and a clear head who works alone ought to be successful. I worked alone except once. Then I was caught and my 'pal' escaped. I was on the outside, and he was 'doing' the 'work.' I took my sentence like a man and never 'peached' on him. Had I been 'operating' alone I don't think I would have been caught.

"About making houses burglar proof, I should first recommend that people put locks on their doors that can't be picked with—well, with a button-hook. A burglar depends largely on a skeleton key to gain access. Men of means, however, now have the locks-on their doors, and these can't be picked—that is, not readily. To guard against entrance by the doors they should be heavy, should fit tight to prevent work with a 'jimmy,' should be double bolted with a chain-lock on the inside, and bolted securely at top and bottom. That will generally baffle a sneak thief, who does not deserve to be called a burglar. However, when he finds the door effectually bars him he can go to the rear, climb on a shed, portico, or even 'skin' up a water pipe or lightning rod to a second story window. Such a window is said to be the easiest place of all to enter a house. That is why there are so many 'second-story' workers, as they are called, but I never tried it myself. To prevent these fellows, all exposed windows—I mean those opening on a porch or shed—should be well barred. A 'second-story worker' doesn't carry tools, as a rule. He is a sneak thief."

The man spoke these words as if the 'profession' looked on sneak thieves as objectionable characters who should be excluded from the society of honest crackmen.

"But for iron bars and steel doors," he continued, "an expert burglar has little dread. Give him time and he will go through anything. It requires a genius to circumvent him, and even a genius is not equal to it. And for this reason: A burglar of safe-blower has a greater incentive for surmounting the difficulties in the way of access to a treasure than has the investor for creating them. The one receives his reward in the shape of salary; the other in working for a fortune, perhaps, that lies just beyond the barrier which he is endeavoring to overcome. The burglar gains a fortune for a few hours' labor; the inventor labors for a year and in the end of that time gets barely the worth of his work. It is a natural law that where there is the greatest incentive there will be found the greatest results of labor. Thus it is you will find burglars as smart as, and even smarter than, inventors.

Young Folks' Column.

The Gossip.

Who is it lives within our sphere,
And pries into our secrets dear,
And whom we hate with hate sincere?
The gossip.

Who is it trots about the town,
And runneth every story down,
And talks up people of renown?
The gossip.

Who is it comes unto your door
With tales to tell, about a score,
And looks around for just one more?
The gossip.

Who is it goes from place to place,
Some scandal deep to find a trace,
And glories in a friend's disgrace?
The gossip.

Who is it travels far and near,
Something to find at which to sneer,
And fills us with a cautious fear?
The gossip.

Who is it fills us with unrest,
And puts our patience to the test,
With stories that we all detest?
The gossip.

Who, when we leave this world of care,
And stand upon the golden stair,
We hope and pray will not be there?
The gossip.

TENNA LAIRD.

To the Young Folks of the Children's Column: I think we ought to do as the kind editor wishes us to, so I will try and tell what I have been doing since school closed. I go to Sabbath school every Sunday. My teacher is the church organist; her name is Minnie Googins. She gives me a tiny little card, with a little motto on it, every Sunday, and when I get four, she takes them and gives me a pretty, large one. There are a lot of us little girls in her class, and she takes us up by the organ when she sings, and sometimes lets some of the little girls play. We think it is grand. I have a Sunday school paper that I read every week, "Dew Drops." I always read the children's column in the *Farmer*, and I have a page or more to read in the *Farm and Home*, that comes to us every two weeks. The first of July I began to read the "Young People's Illustrated Bible History." I have got to the 370th page, Aug. 16th. When I wrote you before I told you all about my country home, where I live with my grandpa and grandma, so now I can only tell you about what I am doing this summer. I have picked lots and lots of berries of all kinds. I am picking blueberries now. I have sent seven boxes to Bangor, and bought me a small express cart to haul apples from the orchard. My grandpa is sixty-seven years old, and does the work on a large farm alone, all except the haying, and I help him all I can, which isn't much. I try to milk, but when I squeeze the teat, the milk goes up instead of down. I was nine years old last January.

EDA A. PIPER.

Eastbrook.

P. S. I forgot to say that I had learned to embroider this summer. I have begun me a quilt, and now I am embroidering a vine across the bottom of an apron to send to Dakota to my aunt.

E. A. P.

AN INTERRUPTED PRAYER. Some seventy years ago, when a mensagerie was almost a thing unknown, and a solitary wild beast was now and then carried about the country for exhibition, a certain New England village was thrown into commotion by the news that an elephant was to be exhibited in a neighboring town. The village which is the scene of my story was not large enough to induce its exhibitor to make any stay there, but his road lay through it. Now an elephant could not be packed away or in any manner be kept out of sight. His journey must be made in full view, and everybody could get a good look at him, and everybody was excited accordingly. Day after day passed. No elephant! The exhibition had been advertised for Monday, and Saturday night had come, with no tidings of the famous traveler. Sunday morning! The "sound of the church-going bell" summoned the people. Parson Adams had begun "the long prayer," and the congregation was devoutly attentive, to all appearance. But there was at least one exception, for Dr. Dobson's pew, near an open window, commanded a view of the highway, and Dr. Dobson's eyes wide open, were fixed upon the prospect. A cloud of dust arose. Then slowly above the hill opposite the window the head of a huge beast came into sight. The eager doctor forgot time and place, and shouting, "The elephant's coming! There he is!" he was out of the window like a dart. Off rushed the congregation, and whether Parson Adams finished his prayer tradition has not told.

CUNNING REYNARD. A funny fox-chase is reported in this county, writes a correspondent from Lancaster, Pa. At Landis Valley a fox had been started and thirty-five hounds and a half dozen cross-country riders were in lively pursuit. The trail led among the fields and over the hills for several miles, and then took the hounds to the turnpike. There in the middle of the pike the scent was lost. The dogs ran around and around about here, there and everywhere, but the trail could not be found. A teamster, on his way to town with a load of hay, had passed the spot where the trail was lost in the dust. In a minute before the hounds burst on the road in full cry. The teamster stopped on seeing the pack and the riders following them to watch the result of the manoeuvering.

"Which way did he go?" shouted one of the hunters.

"Dunno!" the teamster shouted back. "Didn't see him."

After watching the dogs and the hunters for a few minutes the teamster went on. The hunters unanimously declared that there had never before been such an inexplicable loss of a fox's trail, and had to give up the chase. After going a mile or so, as he tells the story, the teamster with the hay stopped his horses to talk with an acquaintance he met on the road, and, as they were talking, a fox jumped out of the hay at the rear end, landed in the road and trotted leisurely away.

I am quite an old boy, much older than any of the boys who write for the young folks' column, yet I am not too old or not to be interested in the letters that the girls and boys write; but just think, about half a hundred years old. Perhaps the obliging editor will allow me a place in your column that for once I may be the girls and boys will not object. Oh, my! to be a boy again, and have a piece in the young folks' column! What a treat! But when I was a boy, there were no columns in newspapers for children. When I commenced this, I intended to ask a question, not a conundrum. Do any of the writers in the column keep a diary? Perhaps some do. I have kept one several years, and find it very interesting and useful, but often regret that I had not kept one when a boy. Should this appear in your column, it may be some girl or boy may be interested to begin. Get a blank book, and each evening write down anything that may interested you during the day, what kind of weather it has been, what kind of work you did, what games you played, and who with, etc. If you should keep such a book, even for a short time, then peruse it till you were men and women, you would prize it very much; then in writing every day, will help to improve your writing and composition. But I am taking too much space—perhaps I may hear from some of you.

UNCLE CEPHUS.

DIS-HUMANIZING "AMUSEMENT." "Not one or twice only, at the sea-side, have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing's sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement—I say, again dis-humanizing amusement—by wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

Dear Editor: I am a little girl 13 years old. My papa takes the *Maine Farmer*. I like to read the young folks' column very much. I have three sisters; their names are Florence, ten years old; Margaret, eight; Alice, two. We live on a farm, and have five colts, three cows, thirty-six sheep, and twenty hens. My sister Florence and I are taking music lessons. I went to school last summer a term of ten weeks and only missed one day. I studied reading, practical arithmetic, geography, physiology, grammar and spelling. I have outlined a picture quilt with eighty-one squares. I will close by sending a riddle. There is a tree with twelve branches, each branch has thirty leaves, which are black on one side and white on the other.

North Rumford. MARY G. HOYT.

THE FOUR BEASTS. The pastor of a church and some friends were discussing the four beasts mentioned in a recent Sunday-school lesson. The opinions of various commentators were said by the pastor to be not satisfactory. Some little children in the room had been listening, and suddenly one of them cried out